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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

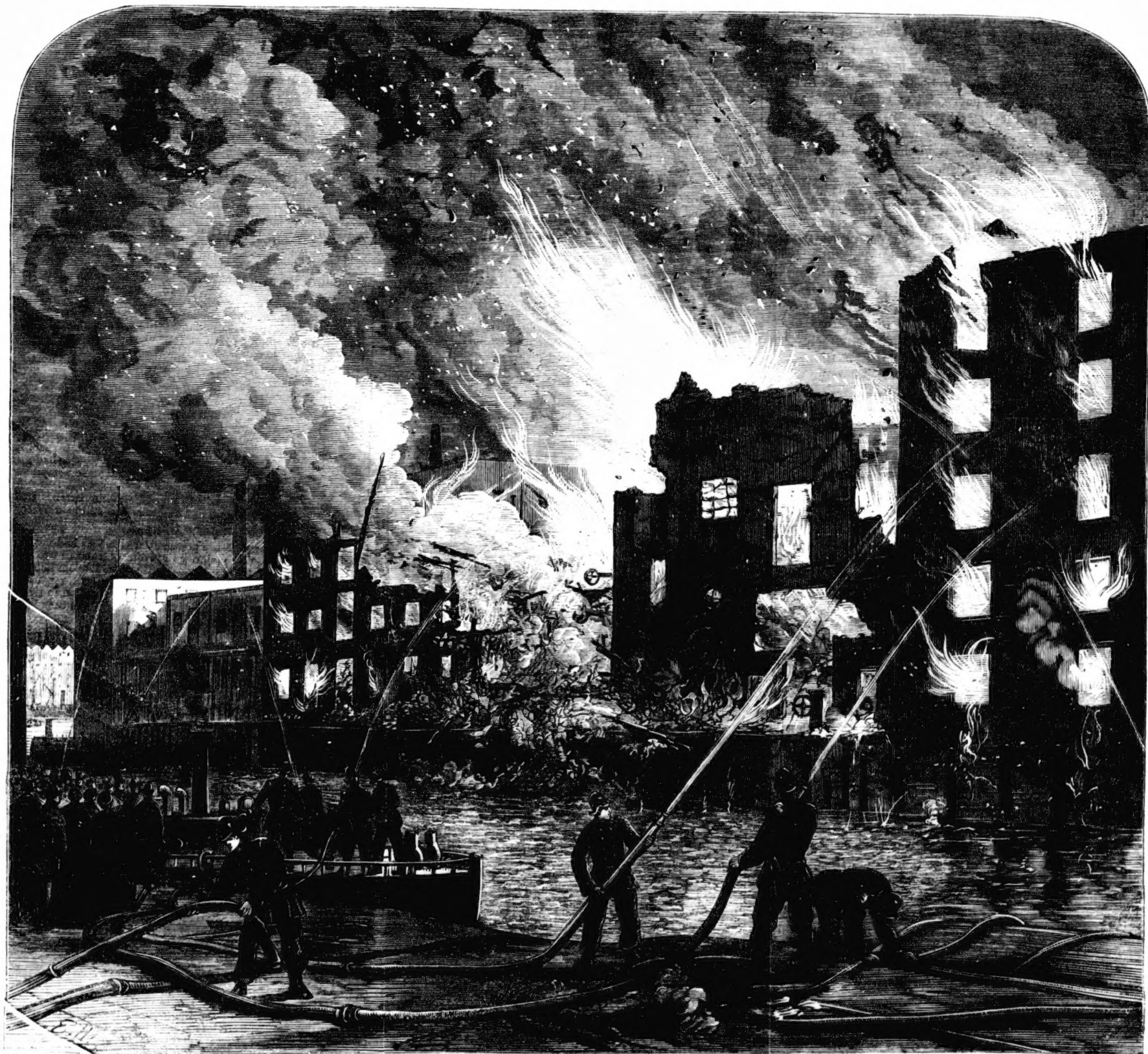
WHAT will be the chief and most certain effect of the re-election of Mr. Lincoln? To the men of the South the result of the election seems to have been a matter of complete indifference. If they cannot make peace with Mr. Lincoln, neither could they have done so with General McClellan. In fact, the question of who is President in the North affects them and their prospects no more than a change of Ministry in England would affect our relations towards France or Russia if we were already in the thick of a war with one of those Powers. Some of our contemporaries are inclined to see in the re-election of Mr. Lincoln the first step among the North Americans in the progress—supposed to be inevitable sooner or later—of democracy towards despotism. We confess we can see no

very striking signs of this predicted change as yet, except, indeed, in the readiness of the North to submit to a certain amount of pressure on the part of its Government, in the hope that this may enable it to crush the South altogether. It is remarkable, however, to what an extent military government has been introduced into the Federal cities, and how very quietly the inhabitants have learned to put up with it.

Nevertheless, in the long run, Mr. Lincoln will have to be guided, at least as to the great question of peace or war, by the wishes of the people. Though, with the aid of General Butler, he may play the despot in matters of detail, he can no more disregard the popular voice in matters of great national importance than can any ordinary absolute Sovereign. It was only the other day that the

Emperor of Morocco ventured to erect a lighthouse at a dangerous point on his coast—his predecessors having abstained from doing so out of consideration for the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who live by pillaging shipwrecked vessels. When the North no longer aims at making a wreck of the South, Mr. Lincoln will be at liberty to show the same regard for human life that his Majesty of Morocco has lately displayed; but he must have the permission of the wreckers before he can move a step in the affair; and up to the present time he and they seem perfectly agreed that no such step need be taken.

The offer of an amnesty to the Southern leaders and soldiers is either a very poor joke or nothing short of an insult. Before it talks of pardoning the "rebels," the North should



THE GREAT FIRE AMONG THE WAREHOUSES AT DOCKHEAD.

have it in its power to punish them; just as before it speaks of dividing their lands it should at least have a chance of being able to conquer them. This sort of tone is considered out of place when used by Russian Emperors towards Poles or by Austrian Emperors towards Hungarians; but for the President of a Republic of States to adopt it towards the inhabitants of other States, who refuse to recognise him and have set up a Republic of their own and maintained it for four years, is indeed monstrous.

The recently published correspondence between M. de Girardin and M. de Persigny is remarkable as showing how very little it takes to displease an Emperor. We had learned from the *Moniteur* that M. de Persigny had written something or other on the subject of the press laws of which his Majesty did not altogether approve. It appears, now that M. de Persigny's letter has been printed, that the passage complained of contained merely an admission that M. de Persigny was in favour of these laws being "modified"—in what manner and to what extent we are not told. As for M. de Girardin's conclusion that modification alone is not advisable, and that the restrictions on the press might as well be abolished altogether, there is much, no doubt, to be said in favour of it; but M. de Girardin's views and arguments on the subject are very different from what we should have expected on the part of a journalist who owes his entire reputation to journalism. The idea of this devoted champion of freedom of the press is, that if the press were no longer persecuted it would no longer be powerful! We can scarcely accept this as the sincere expression of M. de Girardin's opinion. It may be a good argument to lay before an Emperor or before an Imperial adviser; but the editor of *La Presse* knows better, and the Emperor and M. de Persigny know better also. It may be true that by making laws and publishing ordinances against newspapers an importance is sometimes given to them that they would not otherwise possess; but this fictitious importance lasts only as long as the persecution to which it is due. The influence of a perfectly free press is entirely of a different character. Public men in England do not fear the newspapers in one sense; they are not afraid of being personally libelled in them. But our newspapers, on important points and at critical times, represent the opinion and feeling of the country; and if we had a Government to which the intelligence of the country was opposed, the newspaper press would be the great instrument by which it would be overturned.

The destruction of a certain number of convents in Poland, and the rumour that the Polish kingdom is about to be incorporated in the Russian empire, has caused the cry of "Finis Polonia" to be once more raised. But this is not the first time that the attempt has been made to kill Poland outright; and there is no reason why it should succeed now more than at any previous period. Russia's difficulty in Poland is simply this: If she gives the Poles any sort of freedom, the country revives and Poland becomes strong. If she governs them on the system of the Emperor Nicholas, they await their opportunity and then rise, not from a consciousness of strength but from a feeling of despair. Again, she cannot govern them by means of Russian officials, for there are not Russian officials enough for the purpose. On the other hand, give them a Polish administration and they will at once re-establish their secret Government, with the same kind of organisation that existed during the late insurrection. It is a curious fact, that the Russians never discovered the mysterious body called the "National Government." They succeeded, no doubt, in stopping its supplies, and they arrested and executed many of its officers; but of the secret conclave which ruled the insurrection, which appointed the civil and military chiefs, levied taxes, and issued orders on every subject, from costume to punishment by death, they know very little more now than they did before the insurrection broke out. They have stopped its action by seizing its agents, and broken up its financial system by ruining the taxpayers who were its support; but the directing power has escaped them. It used to be said in Poland, at the height of the insurrection, that even if the armed movement were suppressed it would still be impossible to deal with the National Government in any fashion, because it would be impossible to find it out. So, indeed, it has hitherto been; though, if the Russians have been unable to do anything else with this Government, they have certainly deprived it of the means of governing. They have not unearthed it, but they have forced it to remain under ground. General Berg, it is true, hanged four or five Poles a few months ago, whom he described at the time as members of the National Government; but these were not the men who directed the insurrection when it was at its height. Of the National Government that ruled the country from the spring to the autumn of last year the Russians still know nothing, and can now find no clue to it. In the meanwhile we do not believe that Russia is at all likely to declare, in a formal manner, that the kingdom of Poland is incorporated in the Russian empire. All she will do will be to endeavour to denationalise the Poles; and this Russia, Austria, and Prussia have all been seeking to do for the last hundred years—hitherto without the least success.

VERY HARD ON THE WHALE.—A singular incident occurred during a late voyage of the *Mæris* steamer, belonging to the Messageries Impériales, from Alexandria to Marseilles. When entering the Strait of Messina on the evening of the 12th of October a strong shock was felt by all on board, and a most unusual agitation was noticed in the water near the screw. The engines having been stopped, and a boat lowered, it was found that a whale had got entangled with the screw, which had indicated a deep and mortal wound just behind the head. With some difficulty the dead monster was extricated and hoisted on deck, when it was found to measure 21 ft. in length, with a maximum girth of 13 ft. 9 in.

GREAT FIRE IN BERMONDSEY.

A GREAT fire occurred at Dockhead, on the south side of the Thames, on the night of Friday week, and has proved to be most disastrous, having regard to the amount of valuable merchandise and property which is destroyed. Five warehouses, or magazines, two of them being very large, stored with valuable commodities of various kinds, and belonging to one firm of wharfingers, have been destroyed, with all their contents; and the place presents an extraordinary spectacle of the devastation and havoc which was wrought in a few hours. The scene of the fire is known as Mereton's Wharf, in the occupation of Messrs. Barry Brothers, which abuts on the eastern side of a spacious creek, or tidal basin, called St. Saviour's Dock, running at right angles from the river, in the populous district of Bermondsey, and about a mile and a half below London Bridge. On each side of this inlet, which is especially adapted for the landing of merchandise conveyed by river craft, huge granaries, mills, and warehouses are situated, those of Messrs. Barry being among the largest. One of these storehouses alone which was burnt on the night of the 7th of June last, contained commodities, principally jute, valued at £30,000, all of which was destroyed or materially injured, although a considerable sum was afterwards realised from the salvage. Here, in the five magazines which perished on Friday night week, were housed about 20,000 bales of jute, 1200 bags of saltpetre, 1000 quarters of wheat, 2000 bags of sugar, 2000 quarters of oil seeds, 1000 quarters of peas, 57 cases of shellac, 50 cases of lac-dye, 24 bales of safflower, and 60 bales of sunn-hemp—the saltpetre being distributed over four of the warehouses, and stored in the basement parts. There were other commodities, but those just enumerated formed the great bulk of the stock. Of the buildings themselves, the value of which is estimated at about £10,000, only a few bare walls remain; and these are so shattered, partly by repeated explosions of saltpetre during the conflagration, that they will all have to be taken down. Indeed, several of them have fallen of themselves since the fire, and the men engaged in extinguishing it had to run for their lives. The merchandise destroyed, and which was infinitely more costly in the aggregate than the buildings which contained it, would be, according to custom, insured by the merchants to whom it belonged, and to whom Messrs. Barry simply stood in the relation of wharfingers or storekeepers. Six other warehouses belonging to the same firm, and stored with commodities of equal value, were saved intact from the destruction which at one time threatened them, as was also a large granary in the occupation of Mr. James Vogan. By chance or by the exertions of the brigade, the offices of Messrs. Barry, with all their books and papers, and two dwelling-houses belonging to them, were likewise saved, while all round perished.

The fire broke out between six and seven o'clock. The principals had then left the premises, which had been closed for the night, and a few clerks were at work in an adjoining office. A wharfinger in the employ of the firm on his way home had passed the building in which the fire began at twenty minutes past six o'clock, and had not then seen any signs of it. The fire appears to have originated in the third floor—which was loaded with jute, packed in bales by hydraulic pressure—of the largest of the five warehouses. This was a building of six stories in height, and about 120 ft. deep by 30 ft. wide. At present nothing is known as to how the fire began. It was first discovered by a policeman, and he gave an alarm. Nobody conversant with the properties of jute has any belief in its spontaneous combustion, though it is a highly inflammable commodity. Ordinarily it is packed, as we have stated, in large square bales, firmly compressed by a hydraulic operation, and stored in tiers, with passages between. The surfaces of the bales are covered with a "duff," or down, so extremely inflammable that the slightest touch of fire spreads almost with the rapidity of lightning along the whole mass, and no human energy, it is said, can save from destruction a body of this material when once ignited. At Messrs. Barry's warehouses, by way of precaution, fixed gaslights with locked burners are used, and locked hand-lanterns, whenever lights are used at all, which, it is said, is but seldom; so that at present the cause of the fire remains a mystery. It speedily obtained complete mastery of the floor in which it originated, and the flames broke through the windows. An alarm-bell at the wharf was rung, which brought assistance from the immediate neighbourhood; but in a very short time the fire itself spread its own alarm in all directions. At the chief station of the London Fire Brigade, in Watling-street, where intelligence of the fire was received at 6.40, the telegraph communicating with all the subsidiary stations was set in motion, and Captain Shaw, with nearly sixty of the brigade and three powerful steam fire-engines, was soon upon the scene. Two powerful floating-engines were also dispatched to the spot; but the tide was low, and some delay took place, in consequence, in bringing them into action, from the great distance which the hose had to be borne. When Captain Shaw arrived at the place the second, third, fourth, and fifth floors of the large warehouse in which the fire originated were in a blaze. At that time there was only one water-pipe attached to a small pipe available, and that at a distance of 245 ft. from the burning building, and the supply from it was too scant to be of any use, although a most powerful steam-engine, capable of throwing an enormous volume of water upon the fire, was in position at full steam. Two other plugs were opened at a part of a street nearly 520 ft. from the nearest part of the building on fire, and a couple of steam fire-engines set to work, the hose of which was conducted all that distance along the intervening streets; but the supply of water was utterly inadequate to the emergency, and out of all proportion to the capacity of the engines. For some time, therefore, but little was done in arresting the progress of the flames. At length, when the steam floating-engines were brought fairly into play, they threw 4000 gallons, or nearly eighteen tons, a minute upon the blazing pile, and three steam land-engines, crippled though they were from want of water, delivered between 500 and 600 gallons a minute more. It was not until the floating-engines got completely into action, about half-past seven o'clock, that the brigade was able to cope with the fire, but by that time it had obtained complete mastery over a large mass of property, and all their subsequent efforts were aimed at confining it within a limited area and preventing its spreading to adjacent warehouses on each side. In this work fifty-six of the brigade were engaged, besides volunteers, with nine hand-engines and five steam land-engines, in addition to the two floats. At intervals, as the fire reached the saltpetre, it exploded with a dull, rumbling sound, accompanied by dense volumes of black smoke. As these cleared away, streaks of variegated light from the exploded material were seen mingling in the general illumination with fine effect. One of these explosions, louder than all the rest, occasioned an enormous gap in a wall, which fell with a tremendous crash, letting in the fire in masses to parts which it had hardly penetrated before. At that moment about a dozen of the brigade were directing their hose from behind a low wall, on the roof of a dwelling-house hard by. The explosion was preceded by a brilliant flash of flame, to avoid which they threw themselves down behind the parapet by a simultaneous movement, and, it having passed over their heads, they rose unhurt and resumed their dangerous duty. The force of the explosion may be estimated from the circumstance that, besides demolishing a thick partition-wall of brick, it bulged in the wall of the house, on the roof of which the men were stationed, 50 ft. or 60 ft. off. On another occasion a quantity of saltpetre stored in a building immediately below a carpenter's shop, in which others of the brigade were directing the operations, suddenly exploded, and, for the moment, they had to beat a hasty retreat; but, the danger over, they returned undismayed to the perilous work. Again and again walls and roofs fell with an appalling crash, and the fire thus liberated shot into the air in masses of flame, which lighted up the district for miles round. The shipping on the river, and especially the Tower, the Custom-house, the Monument, the church steeples, the dome of St. Paul's, and some of the bridges, were brilliantly illuminated. A high wind, accompanied by rain which fell in torrents, prevailed at the time, and invested the spectacle with a certain wild grandeur.

By two o'clock the engines had gained the mastery over the fire, but during the remainder of the night and throughout Saturday and Sunday the land and water steam-engines continued to play, though with comparatively diminished force, on the jute and other materials which lay in enormous masses among the ruins, ready to break again into flame, and several days elapsed before the fire was completely extinguished. On Saturday, many of the directors of the principal fire-offices paid a visit to the spot, accompanied by Captain Shaw, who went over the ruins with them, and related all the more notable circumstances connected with the calamity. It is gratifying to have to add that not a single life was lost on the occasion, though there were many escapes little less than miraculous. The destruction of property, however, has been enormous. Its value is estimated at a quarter of a million sterling.

Foreign Intelligence.

ITALY.

The report of the Committee of the Senate warmly approves the Franco-Italian Convention and proposes the adoption of the bill for the transfer of the capital to Florence. The Senate has passed the Government financial bill by a majority of 108 to 27 votes.

In the Chamber of Deputies the Minister of the Interior has brought forward a bill for authority to promulgate throughout the kingdom the civil, maritime, and commercial code, and other laws.

AUSTRIA.

The draught of the address of the Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath, in reply to the Emperor's speech, expresses a hope that the Hungarian and Croatian Diets may be convened after the close of the Session, and that even the Venetian and Galician Diets may be assembled before long. The address alludes to the Schleswig-Holstein question, and urges the Government to endeavour to aid the duchies in establishing their rights with regard to the succession and in effecting an independent settlement of their own affairs. It declares that a measure establishing Ministerial responsibility is greatly needed to complete the Austrian Constitution. Several other topics are touched upon in the address, which appears generally to embody advanced and enlightened opinions. The debate on the address commenced on Tuesday.

POLAND.

An Imperial decree has been issued closing certain convents in Poland. It orders that all Catholic monasteries and convents having less than eight members, and also those whose participation in the late insurrection was notorious or has since been proved, are to be immediately closed. The inmates may enter other religious establishments, or will be allowed to go abroad at the public expense. The religious establishments which are not suppressed by this decree are forbidden to maintain relations with either the Provincials or Generals of their orders. The confiscated property of the monasteries and convents will be exclusively devoted to ecclesiastical, educational, and charitable purposes. In pursuance of this decree seventy-one monasteries and four convents have been closed on account of not possessing the requisite number of inmates, and thirty-nine other religious houses on account of participation in the Polish insurrection.

General Berg has received instructions to forward shortly to his Government a report upon the general situation of the kingdom of Poland, and to state whether there is any possibility of provisionally raising the state of siege in certain districts.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

WAR NEWS.

WE have intelligence from New York to the 19th ult. Sherman's movements were still involved in mystery. Both Northern and Southern accounts were very conflicting, although it was generally considered that Augusta and Savannah were the principal object of his expedition. Everything of value at Atlanta had been destroyed, also the railroad to Chattanooga. The Federals had likewise evacuated Rome, after having destroyed the public edifices and manufactories. A report that the Confederates had captured Decatur was not confirmed. Two hundred Federal prisoners in Georgia had joined Hood's army. The successes of the Confederate General Forrest at Johnsonville were confirmed. He had destroyed or captured fourteen transports, four gun-boats, thirty-three cannon, and stores worth 3,000,000 dols.

The Confederate garrison at Brownsville, Texas, had been largely reinforced.

On the 13th and 14th Breckenridge recaptured Bull's Gap, Tennessee, defeating General Gillem, capturing 400 prisoners, six cannon, and all the Federal trains.

There had been some skirmishing between the armies of Lee and Grant; but at the date of the last advices all was reported quiet at Petersburg and Richmond. Grant had left, to visit his family.

The Dutch Gap Canal was completed, and Butler had returned to his command. The command of the Potomac army had been again assigned to Burnside.

The news from the Shenandoah Valley is unimportant. Early was reported to be at Staunton, and Sheridan was still near Winchester.

GENERAL NEWS.

The official returns of the presidential elections had not yet been received. The popular majority in favour of Lincoln was probably 300,000 votes. In the Electoral College Mr. Lincoln had 213, and McClellan 21 votes.

General McClellan's resignation of his commission in the United States army had been accepted, and Sheridan had been appointed to the vacant major-generalship.

Lieutenant-Governor Jacob, of Kentucky, had been arrested, and sent to the Washington political prison.

General Canby, the Federal commander of the Mississippi department, had been shot by guerrillas.

The French Minister and Mr. Seward had had an interview, it was supposed, on the question of peace. The former was reported to have expressed the strong wish of the French Emperor for peace. Mr. Seward requested him to call again. The peace subject had agitated the monetary circles for several days. All sorts of rumours were current, but mainly for sensation purposes and to depress gold. It is generally believed that formal offers of peace will be made on the basis of the abolition of slavery, which the South will reject.

On the arrival of the Florida the American Consul at Bahia proceeded to Washington, where he had an interview with Mr. Seward. It was not known what course Mr. Seward would pursue in the Brazilian difficulty. The Florida had been ordered to New York for adjudication.

The Tallahassee had arrived at Wilmington, although fired at heavily.

In the Confederate Congress the arming of the slaves had been strongly opposed. The Secretary to the Treasury had called the attention of Congress to the necessity of settling the currency of the Confederacy.

The Toronto municipality had received information of an intended raid into Canada by members of the Fenian brotherhood from the United States.

CONFEDERATE VIEW OF MILITARY AFFAIRS.

A very important document, wherein a candid and truthful statement of the military affairs of the Southern Confederacy is given, is the report of the Confederate Secretary for War, lately submitted to Congress. It claims that many victories have been won over superior numbers, and frankly admits that serious disasters have occasionally befallen the Confederate arms. The Secretary claims that not only has General Grant been entirely frustrated in his primary object—the capture of Richmond—but that he was signally defeated in all of the great and bloody battles since the first, which was inaugurated at the "Wilderness," on the 5th of May. The campaign in Georgia, on the other hand,

is conceded to have been less favourable to the Southerners. This is ascribed to the "prudence of strategy, which led the commander to a retreating and defensive line of action." Nevertheless it is asserted that the loss of Atlanta was important in a moral rather than in a military point of view, and that results have shown how strangely both sides misunderstood and exaggerated the consequences. In proof of this the Secretary cites the fact that the Confederate army, thus liberated under a bold leader, at once inaugurated offensive operations, and is now at a point one hundred miles north of the position lost, and situated so as to strike a successful blow. "General Sherman," he says, "will now be forced to come forth and encounter his skilful adversary on ground of his choice, and where defeat is ruin to the enemy, and only reverse to us." In concluding the review of the campaign it is further remarked:—"Notwithstanding the disasters in the Valley of Virginia, when we consider the events of the entire campaign, the brilliant achievements of our armies in Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri; the long and arduous and successful resistance made by the army of Northern Virginia, in which every virtue of an army and the genius of consummate generalship have been displayed; the glorious defence of Petersburg and Richmond; the numerous successes that have crowned our arms in Maryland, Virginia, Georgia, South Carolina, and Mississippi; the adventurous, bold, and effective efforts of our cavalry under Hampton, Forrest, Lee, and others, we have cause for congratulation and rejoicing. We have resisted the mightiest of the efforts of our enemies. We have encountered and defeated his largest and best-appointed armies. We have thwarted his best-laid plans. We have shown ourselves to be worthy of that separate and equal place among the nations of the earth which is our birthright, and which has been unjustly held from us."

GERMANY AND THE DUCHIES.

MUCH excitement was evident on the Bourse at Berlin when an announcement was made on Saturday that the Prussian Government had countermanded the orders for the return of the Prussian troops from the duchies; and it was even asserted that the measure had been taken on account of a hostile disposition having been shown to the Prussians by the inhabitants of Schleswig. Further inquiries showed that this rumour was groundless, although the organ of Prince Frederick of Augustenburg contained a statement to the effect that the Danish inhabitants of one of the islands in the North Sea were preparing for an armed attack on the German residents as soon as the troops were withdrawn; and that, in consequence, the military commander had urgently requested the competent authorities to annul the order for the removal of his corps southwards. Berlin journals of Sunday last give quite different reasons for the suspension of the transport of the Prussian troops, and state that the Government, having determined, under all circumstances, to settle the question respecting the further occupation of Holstein by the Hanoverian and Saxon troops, according to its own views, had therefore taken care that the necessary military force should remain in Holstein, and at the same time had made a demonstration against Hanover by the concentration of troops at Minden, and against Saxony by a similar concentration. Prussia has fixed a period of five days for the evacuation of Holstein and Lauenburg by the federal troops. Prussia has of late evinced a remarkable anxiety to get rid of the inconvenient presence of Saxon and Hanoverian troops in the duchies. Indeed, it is asserted by some in Germany that if the two smaller kingdoms were to refuse compliance with the peremptory request now made, Prussia would not hesitate to use force to compel obedience. The strength, however, of the smaller German Powers mainly rests in their belief in the growing want of harmony between Austria and Prussia. Despite all the assurances made in Berlin, the impression grows stronger and stronger that Austria and Prussia are becoming every day more and more estranged; but it is considered that the Prussian Government is quite certain that the necessity in which Austria more than ever finds itself to refrain from a breach with Prussia will compel it to adopt an essentially passive course. It is pointed out also that the Austrian Government has recognised that the Governments of Hanover and Saxony have no longer any legal claim on their side, and that there are no existing signs of the middle States taking any new steps to put forward a claim. Further, there are no evidences that Prussia would respect such a claim. "Nothing," says a Berlin journal, "could be more lamentable than that now, for the second or third time, the development of the Schleswig-Holstein question should lead to the probability of a civil war in Germany; but in this case the Prussian Government can plead the formal right, and besides this she is engaged in such a manner by the measures just taken that a withdrawal is certainly not possible. It is therefore not only urgently to be wished, but to be expected with great probability, that Saxony and Hanover will not drive the matter to extremities. It is fitting that the weaker party should at least have an unassailable title, and that this is not forthcoming the *Bavarian Journal* has admitted. The extension of the federal jurisdiction over the boundary, completely and unambiguously settled, will never succeed if one of the two great Powers should raise a decided opposition." The Prussian Government is reproached for not having made known their views as to the ultimate destiny of the duchies. The question has been brought before the Frankfurt Diet and referred to a committee for consideration. So there is likely to be a very pretty quarrel over the Danish spoils.

FRENCH DIPLOMACY AT TUNIS.

THE Malta correspondent of the *Times* states that he has received from an authentic source in Tunis a letter, dated the 17th ult., reporting a singular incident which has just occurred at Tunis:—

The Bey, it is said, had formed a resolution to send an Envoy to Constantinople to thank the Sultan for dispatching an Imperial commissioner to Tunis at the outbreak of the revolt to report on the state of affairs. He applied to the various Consulates for letters of introduction for his Envoy to the Ambassadors at Constantinople; but the French Consul, learning his Highness's intention, remonstrated and protested that no such Envoy should be sent without permission of the Government. The Bey, at an interview, urged in vain that the act was one of custom and courtesy. The Consul showed much impatience during the interview, and left the room, after crying out, "No! no! no!" when he refused to take the hand which the Bey had offered to him. This unfortunate incident, coupled with a previous threat of sinking the Sultan's Commissioner when he arrived in May last, in case he should attempt to land, determined the Bey, with a view to avoid further embarrassments, to hasten the departure of his Envoy, who was, therefore, directed to proceed on his journey on the 14th, instead of the 17th ult. General Khairaddin, the Envoy, consequently embarked on board the Tunisian steamer *Bechir* about half-past six in the evening, but a French officer was sent to him on the part of the commandant of the ironclad *Invincible*, stationed at the Golette, to dissuade him from proceeding on his journey; and, when he was told that he was bound to execute his orders, the officer announced to him that in that case he would be prevented. General Khairaddin then said that he should follow instructions, and would only yield to superior force, as he was not authorised to lose the steamer and sacrifice the lives of the crew. He gave the officer sufficient time to carry his answer to the captain of the *Invincible*, which was all this time firing rockets and burning blue lights, when he weighed anchor and at half steam passed the ironclad. When about 1000 yards ahead of her the *Invincible* chased the Tunisian steamer, which put on full steam, and kept ahead of her pursuer until they both neared the Island of Zembri, at the entrance of the bay, when the Tunisian steamer boldly passed through the strait between the island and the mainland. It being perilous for a large vessel to attempt the passage at night, the *Invincible* had no other alternative but either to make the circuit of the island or return to her anchorage. She preferred the latter course, and the Tunisian steamer and Envoy thus escaped being captured in Tunisian waters by the vessel of a foreign and a friendly Power.

THE TREATY WITH JAPAN.

THE following is the text of the short treaty concluded by Admiral Kuper after the capture of the forts at the Strait of Simonosaki:—

1. For the future the ships of all nationalities shall, when passing through the Strait of Simonosaki, be treated in a friendly manner, and shall be allowed to buy coal, provisions, wood, water, and every other requisite.

Moreover, as the harbour is frequently the scene of violent winds and currents, no opposition shall be offered to anyone anxious to land during stress of weather. 2. The forts lately destroyed shall not be reconstructed, nor shall new forts be built, nor guns mounted. 3. The town of Simonosaki, which, having first fired on foreign ships, might justly have been destroyed, has been spared. A ransom shall be paid for this, and all the expenses of the expedition shall also be defrayed by the Prince, the amount to be decided by the foreign Ministers at Jeddo.

I agree to abide by the decision of the foreign Ministers at Jeddo with regard to the points mentioned in paragraph 3. This agreement, referring only to the cessation of hostilities on this special occasion, has nothing whatsoever to do with any other questions affecting Choshu which may require to be arranged between the native and foreign officials.

(Signed) SHOHIDO BIZEN.
MORI IZIMO.

THE COTTON CRISIS.

SIR J. P. KAY-SHUTTEWORTH presided at Bacup, a few days ago, at the annual distribution of prizes to members of institutes comprised in the East Lancashire Union of Mechanics' Institutes, who had won prizes at the examination. In addressing the company assembled, he spoke of the recent crisis and its effects upon the Lancashire operatives. Contrasting their conduct with what it would have been in similar circumstances forty or fifty years ago, he ascribed the change not to any single cause, nor to any class of causes, but to a combination of improvements brought about by increased civilisation and better government. He knew of no agency so powerful for good in Lancashire as the growing influence of the Church, the congregation, and the Sunday school. No period in our history had been more remarkable than the last thirty years for the growth of sympathy in Parliament for the working man, whose confidence in the Legislature had been increased by free libraries and a free press. Throughout all parts of the country, and among all classes, a sense of common interests had arisen which had led to the manifest co-operation of class with class during the critical periods of the cotton famine. The tranquillity shown was also to be ascribed to the facility with which in the trade the workman could rise to the highest positions. There was a further phenomenon which those unfamiliar with the district had been unable to comprehend. The history of the cotton trade had been that of the growth of a gigantic force, which had encountered crises of resistance to its expansion, but had burst every bond and surmounted every obstacle. This unexampled success had given the operative classes a confidence in the power of this centre of inventive genius, capital, skill, and energy, like that which we had in one of the great forces of nature. No one for a moment doubted that the crisis of the cotton trade was transient. The event had proved that cotton clothing was so far a necessity to the world that no other textile fabric could take its place, even when its price was nearly trebled, and that rise in price had so spread the cultivation of the cotton plant that there was every prospect of a great increase in the annual supply of the raw material. With this conviction, while outside spectators prophesied the ruin of the trade, our capitalists greatly extended the productive power of the country, by building new mills and enlarging old ones, and we had been enabled calmly to wait until the cotton culture of various countries filled the void caused by the blockade of the Southern States. Now the crisis is about, slowly and with agony, to pass away. The vast capital employed in the trade had, by the price offered, stimulated the industry of almost every country capable of growing cotton. The operatives had given proofs of a great increase of social intelligence and self-control; were they equal to the new forms of trial which lay before them? A certain proportion of the operative population had been dispersed during the crisis by migration and emigration. There had been an annual loss of millworkers by age, infirmity, or death which had been imperfectly supplied by the training of children and youth. There had also been a great increase of productive power. A time would therefore come, sooner or later, when there would be a difficulty in working mills for want of hands. That crisis would resemble in character others through which the trade had passed, and which had been marked by disastrous strikes. Gradually such strikes had lost some of their worst features. There had been less passionate excitement, little or no personal outrage, less intimidation; but they had often attempted a usurpation of the authority of the master in the management of his mill, to which it would have been impossible to submit without ruin. One misfortune of the trade was that so large a proportion of the cotton operatives were young and inexperienced, and thus more liable to be misled in pursuit of impracticable objects. Yet on their conduct in the crisis, would, in a great degree, depend the maintenance of the credit which they had obtained for intelligence and self-control during the cotton famine. It was in the increase of the intelligence and knowledge of the operatives that he foresaw the chief security that they would not become the dupes of designing men. The speaker, towards the close, suggested that other crises might arise—for instance, a great war, which might interrupt the supply of cotton. No statement would expose us to such a calamity, except under the pressure of the direst necessity. There was need, therefore, that the political intelligence the people had gained should be cultivated. Their evening classes, libraries, and news-rooms were means of an education in a sound knowledge of their social and political interests. They would learn from the history of the past what had been the combined valour, endurance, and moderation of the English people. They would learn that our country was the very ark of personal liberty and political freedom. Their patriotism would be influenced by the memory of the great deeds of statesmen and Parliament. The love of our country, a just pride in its great destiny, and a desire to use its wealth and power for the Christian civilisation of the world, would grow in their hearts. Then if, in the name of humanity, war should be necessary to protect this great nation, in the pursuit of a wise and beneficent policy, the people, thus instructed, would be ready to bear patiently a renewal of the terrible trial through which he trusted they would soon have passed.

THE FEDERAL BLOCKADE.—In consequence of the recent capture by a Federal cruiser of a distinguished officer of her Majesty's Navy while in command of a blockade-runner, Mr. Seward addressed representations through Lord Lyons to her Majesty's Government, which have led to a stringent order on the subject. The Admiralty have caused it to be notified to the officers engaged in the exciting and frequently profitable pursuit of commerce by blockade-running, that they cannot countenance such an employment of their vacant hours. Although all the officers referred to are on half-pay, it was plainly most unbecoming for them, as long as they drew even half-pay, to engage in acts which subjected them to pains and penalties at the hands of the authorities of a friendly State, while they were at the same time treating with contempt the Queen's proclamation of neutrality, which, binding on all good subjects, had special claims to observance from officers in the pay of her Majesty.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BEAT INSTITUTION.—A meeting of this institution was held on Thursday, at its house, John-street, Adelphi—Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. Mr. Lewis, the secretary, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, the committee expressed their deep sympathy for the loss of life during the fearful shipwrecks off Tynemouth last week, and particularly in reference to the loss of two gallant men who unfortunately perished by jumping out of the Tynemouth life-boat belonging to the institution. It appeared that the performance of the life-boat on that distressing occasion elicited the admiration of the oldest seamen in the place. The boat was in the act of rescuing the crew of the schooner when, unfortunately, the expression used by the coxswain, "Come lads, jump on board," was misunderstood by some of the life-boat crew, four of whom thereupon jumped on board the schooner, believing the life-boat was going to pieces. This circumstance so completely deprived the remainder of the crew of their presence of mind that they lost control over the boat, and, a heavy sea striking her at the same moment against the ship, all her oars, with the exception of two, were broken and her side stove in. Nine of the men, however, stuck to the boat, and, with the two oars and the help of another life-boat, succeeded in reaching the harbour in safety. The men who unhappily perished from the life-boat have left two widows and seven orphans. The institution voted £100 in aid of a local subscription now being made in their behalf. The institution had also paid the crew of the life-boat £26 for their gallant exertions on the distressing occasion in question. The silver medal of the institution, and a copy of its vote on parchment, were also presented to Mr. Lawrence Byrne, chief officer of the Coastguard at Tynemouth, for his gallant exertions in assisting to save, by means of the rocket apparatus, some of the unfortunate crew and passengers of the ill-fated steam-ship *Stanley*, on the occasion above mentioned. The institution at once sent down to Tynemouth, on Monday last, a new life-boat to replace the disabled one. Rewards amounting to £130 were voted to the crews of the life-boats of the institution, and to those of shore-boats, for their laudable exertions during the fearful gales of the past month, during which 124 lives were saved by the life-boats of the institution and shore-boats during the recent fearful gales. Rewards amounting to £115 4s. were also granted to the crews of other life-boats of the institution for their services in going off in reply to signals of distress from vessels during the storms of the past month. The silver medal of the institution was likewise granted to Mr. J. B. Bulkeley, coxswain of the Tynemouth new life-boat of the society, in admiration of his long and gallant services in assisting in the life-boat and by other means to save a large number of shipwrecked persons. Payments amounting to upwards of £2000 were ordered to be made on various life-boat establishments; and £1000 of the funded capital of the institution was ordered to be sold to assist in meeting these heavy payments. The Comptroller-General of the Coastguard submitted to the National Life-boat Institution a list of about fifty places where it was desirable to place a small, handy class of life-boats in the absence of life-boats belonging to the institution. The committee decided to give this important question their best consideration. The cost of new life-boats for Alnmouth, Northumberland, and Ardmore, Ireland, had been presented to the institution by benevolent persons. The society had sent new life-boats during the past month to Hornsea, Yorkshire; Sutton, Lincolnshire; and Piel, Lancashire. New life-boats on their way to their stations had been exhibited during the past week at Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and Bradford; and had excited the greatest interest in these inland towns.

SCOTLAND.

LOCKING UP PASSENGERS IN RAILWAY CARRIAGES.—The Lord Advocate, in a lecture delivered at Portobello a few evenings ago, observed:—"Posterity will say, 'What times those were when travellers were stopped at Bagshot, or Hounslow, or Shooter's-hill! Railroads, no doubt, put an end to these adventures, but only to give rise to greater danger. Would you believe it?' My successor in this hall may say, in 1964, 'Would you believe it, a hundred years ago they treated a traveller like a convict?' They looked him in a box and, ill or well, living or dead, no man could see him and he could see no man until he had gone forty miles. It is a fact. He might be shut up with a murderer, a madman, with a drunkard or a villain; he might die of apoplexy; he might have his throat cut. All this was thought of no consequence at that time. The simple arrangements which we now make were often proposed, but resisted with frantic wrath as being utterly impracticable. They had built their carriages for people to be imprisoned in them, and therefore imprisoned they must be. The easy expedient of a gangway outside the carriage and a bell inside was assailed with a hundred good and conclusive objections. People would use it recklessly, and it was a pity to disturb the guard when asleep. It would enable anybody to stop the train, although, as you all know, it does not enable anyone to stop the train; it would enable thieves to leave the carriages and to escape, which is about as good a reason for not making a road to your house."

THE PROVINCES.

DISCOVERY OF SILVER MEDALS NEAR PRESTON.—Two silver medals have lately been found at Alston, near Preston. The first has on one side a likeness of Sir Thomas Fairfax, and the inscription "Tho: Fairfax, miles milit: Parl. Dux. Gen.;" on the other side, "milit: post hac meliora, 1645." The second medal is the coronation medal of King Charles II., in silver. On one side is a bust of the "merry monarch," with the crown on his head, "Carolus II., DG. ANG. SCO. FR. ET. HI. REX." On the other side he is represented as seated in the ancient coronation chair, with a winged figure placing the crown on his head, and round the medal the words, "everso missus succurre seculo 23 April, 1661."

THE ANCIENT SAXONS.—Mr. John Brent has finished the excavations he has been carrying on in the Saxon cemetery at Sarr, in Thanet, for the present year. His researches have been most successful. Not only has he laid open nearly 300 graves, but he has been so fortunate as to find some of especial interest, which supply novel materials to the student of Anglo-Saxon antiquities. As an example of the rich contents of some of these graves it may be mentioned that one contained four fibulae (two circular and two cruciform); five gold pendants, which, with the fibulae, are elaborately ornamented; a very large crystal ball, set in a silver-gilt frame for suspension; a silver-gilt perforated spoon, set with garnets; an elegant footless glass cup; a silver ring; beads, and other objects, such as buckles, shears, and keys. This is the grave of a woman, no doubt a lady of rank, although it was at first supposed to have belonged to a man, from the fact that, with the objects enumerated above, was a sword or knife. One of our antiquaries, however, considers that, although it is sword-shaped, it is no weapon of war. Not one instance, we believe, has occurred of cremation; all the graves denoted burial of the body entire. Neither do we understand that Mr. Brent discovered any urns with burnt bones, such as are often found in the cemeteries in juxtaposition with skeletons. The whole of the weapons, implements, and ornaments from Sarr are either actually deposited in the Charles Museum at Maidstone or are about to be, as soon as Mr. Brent has published his report on the discoveries he has made.

PROVINCIAL DOGBERRIES.—At the County Police Court, Preston, on Saturday last, a respectable-looking man, named James Allanson, was charged by John Alston, gamekeeper to Mr. E. Birley, with night-poaching on certain land in Lea, near Preston. Alston said that at twenty minutes past seven o'clock on the evening of the previous Thursday, he caught the defendant and another man with a net in a field he was watching; that he had a fight with the defendant, who had nothing in the shape of game about him; that afterwards he allowed him to go away; and that about midnight, on the information he supplied to the police, the defendant was ordered out of his bed and taken to the lock-up for night-poaching. This was the whole evidence for the prosecution. Mr. Watson, solicitor, who appeared for the defendant, said that the case came before the Bench without the least corroboration, so far as the prosecution was concerned; that he should be able to prove that the defendant was at his own house at, and for some period after, the time the gamekeeper alleged he saw him in the field poaching; that on the night in question he had occasion to meet a person in the neighbourhood, and whilst going through the field mentioned was pounced upon by the gamekeeper, and most savagely maltreated by him; that at about eight o'clock he was seen at one of the houses in the locality with his face covered with blood; and that he went twice to the police court for the purpose of lodging a charge against the gamekeeper and obtaining his apprehension for assaulting him, but could not get them to stir in the matter. Four respectable witnesses were then called in support of Mr. Watson's statement. Mr. W. O. Pilkington, after a few moments' consultation with Mr. Eccles, the other magistrate, said to the defendant—"You must go to the House of Correction for two calendar months, and at the expiration of that time you must find bail to keep the peace for six months." Mr. Watson, on hearing this, said:—"It is my intention to bring an action against the magistrates who have given this decision, and against all concerned in the prosecution. I therefore demand a copy of the information and summons." The magistrates smiled at this statement, whereupon Mr. Watson rejoined:—"I shall bring an action against both the magistrates present as sure as they are living."

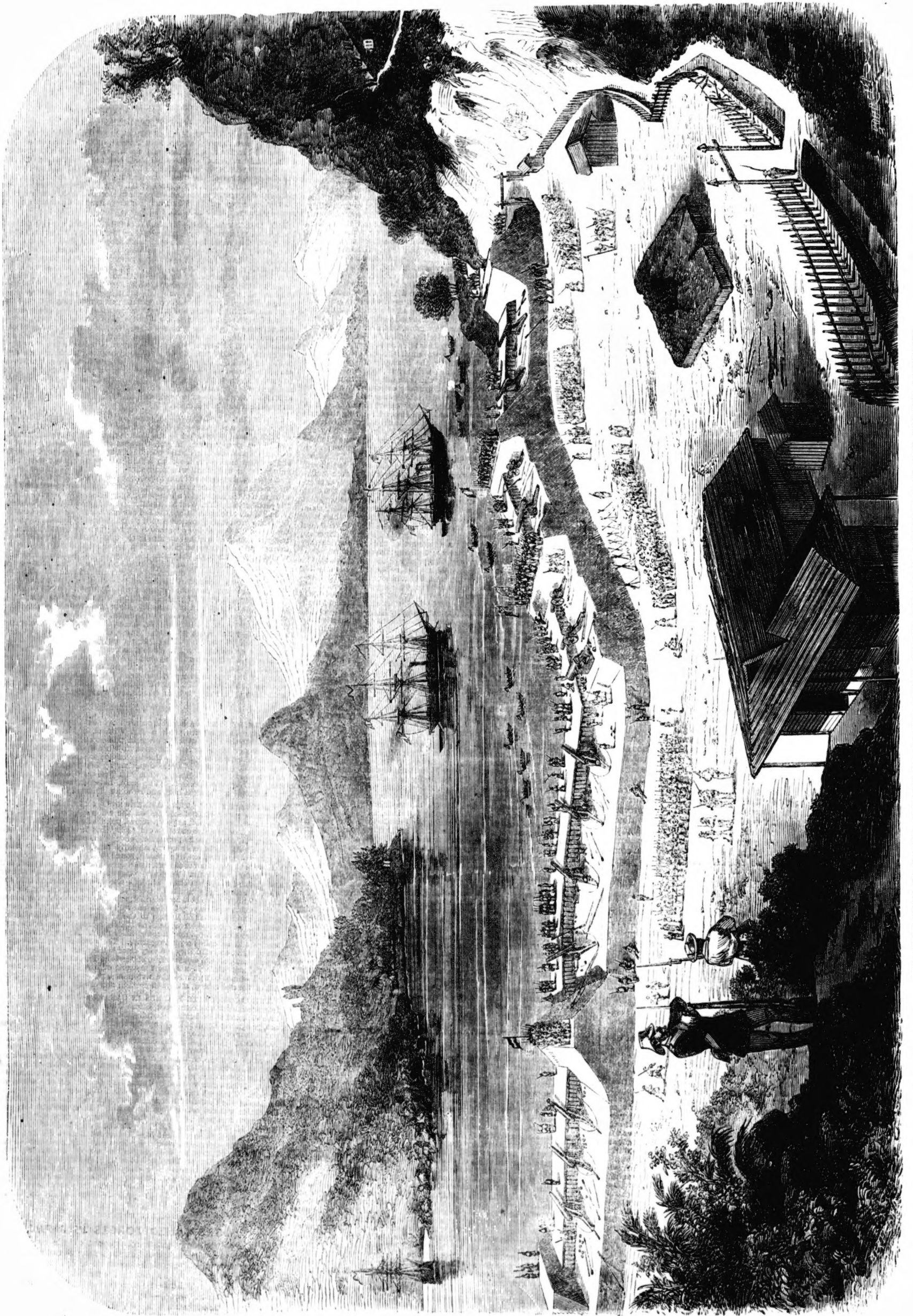
DEATH BY FIRE.—A horrible occurrence has taken place in the City. A young female in service with a Mr. Withers, of Beech-street, Barbican, rushed into the street with her dress in flames, and sustained such injuries that a day or two after her admission to the hospital she died. Before her death she made a statement to the effect that her dress caught fire while she was resisting an assault made upon her by her master. An inquest was held on the body on Tuesday, when Mr. Withers denied the truth of the story told by the deceased. The jury, however, returned a verdict of "Manslaughter" against him, and he was committed for trial.

CALIGRAPHY OF THE AMERICAN COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF.—An American paper thus discourses on the calligraphy of Generals Lee and Grant:—"Lee does not, as you perceive, punctuate closely; and nowhere in his letter does he write out the word 'and,' but invariably uses the abbreviation &. And yet he pauses long enough to dot all his 'i's' and cross all his 't's.' All his letters are drawn nearly straight up and down the paper; in other words, they are like himself, round, full, bold, and upright, inclining neither to the right nor to the left, and standing firmly on their base, as if they disdained all assistance. They are so clear and precise, so round and weighty and distinct, that each letter reminds one of a solid cannon ball, and each word of a cluster of grape-shot. General Grant's handwriting, on the contrary, though not so bold and distinct, nor the letters so large and round and erect, is nevertheless very legible and very striking. It is full of energy and action, and his letters all incline to the right, and follow one after another, with a little space between them, as if they represented an equal number of his brigades on a rapid march round Lee's right. Among chirographers his hand would be called a running hand. The words occupy much space from left to right, and still they are very clear and legible. He pays more attention to punctuation than General Lee, abbreviates less, and is equally careful of his 'i's' and 't's.' It may be the work of imagination, yet in reading his letter I cannot but picture the writer as a restless, nervous, energetic man, full of fire and action, always in motion, and always in a hurry."

THE CONFEDERATE RAIDERS IN CANADA.—The case against the Confederate raiders was completed before Judge Coussol, at Montreal, on the 12th ult., and the voluntary examination of the prisoners commenced. The charge against Bennet H. Young was read that he had feloniously assaulted, put in fear of his life, and stolen from Cyrus Newton Bishop the sum of 70,000 dollars. After being duly cautioned, Young said:—"I am a native of Kentucky, and herewith produce my commission as first-lieutenant in the army of the Confederate States, and also the instructions I received when that commission was conferred upon me. Whatever was done at St. Albans was done by the authority and order of the Confederate Government. I have not violated the neutrality laws of either Canada or Great Britain. Those who were with me at St. Albans were all officers or enlisted soldiers of the Confederate army, and were then under my command. The expedition was not set on foot in Canada." In support of this statement Young put in a paper, of which the following is a copy:—"To Lieutenant Bennet H. Young, &c., P.A.C.S.—Confederate States of America, War Department, Richmond, June 16.—Lieutenant Bennet H. Young is hereby authorised to organise for special service a company, not to exceed twenty in number, from those who, belonging to the service, are at the time beyond the Confederate States. They will be entitled to their pay, rations, clothing, and transportation, but no other compensation for any service which they may be called upon to render. The organisation will be under the control of this department and liable to be disbanded at its pleasure and the members returned to their respective companies. (Signed) JAMES E. SEDDON, Secretary of War."

THE ALLIED FORCES IN JAPAN.

WE have already given an account of the recent operations in Japan and the taking of the forts near Simonosaki. Our engraving this week represents the scene of the engagement at the principal battery, at the moment when it was occupied by the troops. This fortification—constructed on the same principle as similar European works—was defended by fourteen pieces of artillery made of bronze, the material of which all the guns seem to have been composed. Opposite, at only about 800 yards distance



THE EXPEDITION TO JAPAN: OPERATIONS OF THE ALLIED FORCES AFTER THE OCCUPATION OF THE ENEMY'S BATTERIES.

appears the Mozisaki point of the opposite coast, the high, wooded mountains of Chiusiu, forming the extremity of the passage, which, on both sides of the strait, exhibits a beautiful panorama of a country clothed with verdure.

THE CESAREWITCH AND HIS BRIDE ELECT.

THE long-talked-of alliance between the Grand Duke Nicholas, the heir to the throne of Russia, and Princess Marie Dagmar of Denmark, has at length been officially announced. The betrothal has been celebrated at Copenhagen, and it is proposed to initiate the intended bride of the Cesarewitch into that religion which she will henceforth have to profess as the future Empress of a people following the tenets of the Greek Church. The Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, eldest son of the Emperor Alexander II., was born on Sept. 20, 1843; and it is said that he has carefully studied those political conditions which belong especially to Russia, and is thoroughly convinced that nothing but progression in the work of reform already instituted can secure for her a prominent place in the history of the world. Princess Marie Dagmar was born on the 26th of November, 1847, and is, as our readers are aware, the second daughter of Christian IX., King of Denmark, whose eldest daughter, Alexandra—as Princess of Wales—has already attained so secure a position in the hearts of the English people. The future Empress of Russia is also distinguished for that personal beauty which is the heritage of her sister, and it may well be true—as it is already declared—that the choice of the Grand Duke was unaffected by any political considerations, and that he has therein followed the traditional custom of the Russian throne, whose occupants have, it is said, generally chosen for themselves, believing marriage to be an event affecting domestic interests alone, and entirely separate from public affairs.

The name of Dagmar, which is the second name borne by the Princess, is of very ancient Danish origin, and one of the most popular in the country. Dagmar, or Day-dawn, was the name given by the Danes to the Queen of Valdemar the Victorious, in the thirteenth century. Queen Dagmar holds a high position in the



THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, CESAREWITCH OF RUSSIA, AND PRINCESS DAGMAR OF DENMARK.

Northern traditions, as being remarkable, not only for her beauty, but for simple piety and a love and charity which endeared her to her people. It is believed that any child who bears from its birth the name of Dagmar is thereby ensured a large amount of happiness; and it is certain that the warm-hearted Danes will ardently desire the fulfilment of this popular theory in taking leave of their Princess when she departs for her adopted country.

THE FRENCH IN ALGIERS

ACCORDING to recent accounts it would appear that, though the French authorities are slowly effecting the suppression of the rebellion in Algiers, and that numbers of the insurgents are laying down their arms and giving in their submission to the officers of the army of occupation, the flame of insurrection is not yet subdued, but burns fiercely in various places and at times when any outbreak is least expected. Our Engraving represents a recent sharp engagement which occurred in consequence of a furious attack made by a corps of insurgent Arabs on the intrenched camp of Oued Demel, commanded by Colonel de Lacroix, and about four leagues from the insurgent camp at the mouth of the Demel. On the morning of the 2nd of October, 3500 Arabs attacked the four sides of the camp with such impetuosity that several hand-to-hand fights took place between them and the French soldiers. During more than two hours the fanatics endeavoured, unsuccessfully, to break the French lines. Cut down by the fire of musketry and artillery, they retreated, then rallied and attacked again. Colonel de Lacroix, finding that they were becoming exhausted, commanded a charge with the bayonet, and the enemy was finally driven from the camp. The plain was shortly filled with Arabs flying in disorder, while others carried off the killed and wounded. Colonel Lacroix estimates the loss of the Arabs at 150 killed and 300 wounded, and his own at four men killed and forty-three wounded.

On the 30th of September Lieutenant-Colonel De la Jaille attacked a large body of Arabs assembled at Teniet-Errihh and drove them into the mountains. They are said to have suffered severely; the French loss is set down at eight killed (of whom two were officers) and eleven wounded.



THE FRENCH IN ALGERIA: DEFENCE OF THE CAMP OF OUED DERMUL BY THE TIRAILLEURS.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

BUTLER THE "SKEERY."

"A SKEERY MAN" is Major-General Benjamin Franklin Butler. When a young man and an obscure lawyer, he was wont to skeer Boston thieves and other delinquents out of fees for defending them in the police courts; but when the troubles of the Secession came he flew at higher game. The lawyer's brief was discarded for the warrior's sword; and B. B. (which initials, be it understood, while standing for Benjamin Butler in the North, signify "Beast Butler" in the South) speedily became a Major-General; not because he knew anything of the soldier's art, but because he had acquired a certain degree of political influence. "After figuring not very heroically in a fight at a place called Big Bethel (where, it is alleged, he got rather skeered himself), B. B. was sent to New Orleans as Governor of Louisiana. Here he had a grand field for the exercise of his powers of skeering. He skeered the ladies of New Orleans, without distinction of rank or character, by treating them all as disreputable persons; and by flogging some and imprisoning others. Some he loaded with chains—some he starved—some he drove mad—all he skeered into hating him very intensely; but for that he didn't care, for he was content to be hated provided that he was also feared. Proprietors of hotels he skeered by taking forcible possession of their apartments and running up bills which he never paid; merchants he skeered out of their money and their goods; planters he skeered out of giving expression to "Secesh" notions and also out of the best part of their property. Having thus skeered everybody in the Crescent City, B. B. at length skeered President Lincoln into recalling him, for the deeds of this *enfant terrible* were too bad even for the Cabinet at Washington. But General Butler—who had not been Governor of the Gulf States for nothing, he and his brother having contrived to amass immense fortunes during the brief period that he held sway there—was too important and troublesome a personage to be left unemployed; so he was sent to help General Grant to skeer the Confederates in Virginia, which he has energetically exerted himself to do, though, unfortunately, with but indifferent success. He has several times sent his troops against the Confederates (it is alleged, perhaps maliciously, that he has too much respect for Southern rifles to go himself); but those incorrigible "rebels," General Lee and his men, obstinately refuse to be skeered from their lines by B. B. It is expected, however, that he will be more successful with the James River, the waters of which he has determined to skeer from their old channel and to force them through his canal at Dutch Gap.

While engaged in this last grand operation, other skeering work was cut out for B. B. The presidential election was coming on; and, the Democrats of the Empire City being likely to prove inconvenient to Mr. Lincoln, it was resolved that the great "bogey," B. B., should be sent to skeer the New Yorkers. Accordingly, General Butler suddenly made his appearance in New York and at once began his work. He first skeered certain "Copperheads" who had been guilty of speaking their minds of him behind his back, but who exhibited small disposition to repeat the offence to his face. He next tried to skeer gold and the Wall-street gold-brokers by lecturing the latter on the disloyalty, treason, copperheadism, and so forth, of gold being at a premium, and rising higher, on the eve of Mr. Lincoln's re-election. Whatever effect he may have produced on the brokers, he certainly did not skeer gold, for, despite of him, the premium on that metal made a jump upwards of 20 per cent the same afternoon. Clearly, gold is a traitor, a Copperhead, a "rebel," or it would never have behaved in so disgraceful a manner. Had gold been loyal, it would certainly have obeyed the mandates of the great and wise B. B., who, of course, cannot conceive that anything, not even the price of gold or other commodities, can be affected by any influence superior to his will. Could he but have got hold of the slippery article, wouldn't B. B. have sent rebellious gold to Fort Lafayette, or—his own private banker's, as he did with 50,000 dollars' worth belonging to Messrs. Smith and Co., which he seized in New Orleans, and for restitution of which he is now being sued in the law courts! But, though General Butler failed with gold, he seems to have succeeded in skeering the New York Democrats. Before his arrival they were raging like lions; they threatened mighty things; they would rise in insurrection; they would upset the Government; they would do terrible deeds if their favourite, General McClellan, were not elected. But, somehow, after General Butler's appearance among them, the aspect of affairs became wonderfully changed. The "fierce democracy" was tamed, the lions became lambs, and the election passed off in perfect peace and quietness. Truly, "a skeery man" is General Butler.

The New York Democrats being vanquished and the re-election of Mr. Lincoln secured, General Butler returned to his duties in the field. Before doing so, however, he let the world know that his thoughts were inclined to mercy and peace. An

"ovation" was given to him at his hotel, when he made a speech, in which he said that "he thought the time was come when it might be said to the deluded people of the South, 'Come back, come back! This is the last time of asking. Come back! Leave feeding upon husks, and live with us on the fat of the land. Let bygones be bygones, and our country shall be at peace for ever!'" He would even grant an amnesty to all offenders, Jeff Davis and General Lee, we suppose, included. Very magnanimous this of B. B. Apparently conscious, however, that the "deluded people" were not likely to accept his offer; that the countrymen of the outraged ladies of New Orleans would probably be disinclined to give the kiss of peace and fraternal brotherhood to B. B.; that the robbed merchants and planters of Louisiana would perhaps demand restitution of their goods; that the owners of devastated homes in the Shenandoah Valley would not readily forgive General Sheridan, nor the expatriated citizens of Atlanta General Sherman; that the infamous conduct of General Paine in Kentucky, and of the miscreants Turchin and M'Neil, would be remembered; that the relatives of the six men murdered in cold blood at Louisville, in retaliation for an act with which they had nothing whatever to do, would not be mollified by fine words; that the fate of the thousands slain and the millions reduced to poverty by Northern invasion would leave a rankling and incurable bitterness in the Southern mind; and that the South would never, as Mr. Davis has declared, consent to peace except on the conditions of separation and independence, General Butler reverted to his natural rôle of skeering the South. And this is the gentle way in which he proposes to do his spiring:—

On his own behalf, and that of all who voted for Mr. Lincoln, he offered subjugation, confiscation, and extermination—war to the hilt, war until not a man should be left in the South, except the negroes. Let it be understood, he said, if this final offer be rejected, that hereafter we (the North) shall pay no more bounties; but, taking counsel from the Roman method of carrying on war, that we shall say to our young men, "Look to the fair fields of the sunny South, and, unless they take our amnesty, share these fair fields out among you, to belong to you and to your heirs for ever."

Whereupon the assembled ladies and gentlemen cheered vociferously; and the Rev. Ward Beecher then and there nominated General Butler for President on the expiry of Mr. Lincoln's second term of office in 1868. Verily, if the war goes on so long, and B. B. lives to occupy the White House at Washington, he is likely to prove a more "skeery man" to Northerners and Northern liberty than he has done either at New Orleans or New York, however little influence he may have over the contumacious men of the South.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has signified his wish to place a stained-glass window in the chancel of the church at Shrook, near Workop, Notts, in memory of the late Duke of Newcastle. Four or five others are promised.

THE KING OF DENMARK, with the Crown Prince and the Minister of the Interior, are paying a visit to Jutland.

FREDERICA, COUNTESS OF ABINGDON, died in Warwick-square on Saturday last.

LORD ELIOT expired shortly after ten o'clock on Saturday morning at Port Eliot, the family seat in Cornwall. The Hon. Wm. Gordon Cornwallis becomes heir apparent to the family honours.

THE AMOUNT OF PAUPERISM in the distressed unions has slightly decreased.

DURING THE GALE at CALCUTTA, in October, the pressure of the wind reached 32 lb. to the square inch.

A FIRST CALL of £70 per share has been made upon the unfortunate shareholders in the Leeds Banking Company.

DURING THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION the vote of Mr. Belmont, a New York banker, was rejected, because he had wagged largely on McClellan.

A WOMAN, named Lambert, has just died at Nancy, of apoplexy, aged one hundred. During her long life she is said never to have had a day's illness.

A MAN, named Hondarragus, was last week condemned to two years' imprisonment, at Pau, for killing a lunatic who threatened to murder him.

AN AGITATION is on foot to put an end to the ringing of the metropolitan church bells, which are considered an annoyance to sensitive and nervous people.

UPWARDS of 150 PERSONS, consisting of miners and their families, left Cornwall last week to work on the extensive copper-mines in South Australia.

A WHEELWRIGHT, named Baum, at Leicester, on Friday night week, killed his wife and child. He is believed to be insane.

THE FOLLOWING NOTICE is displayed in a confectioner's window in a West-End street of London:—"Mock Turtle, and All kind of soops, including juggled hair!"

THE COMMITTEE who originated the late Shakespeare celebration on Primrose-hill have resolved to erect an enshrined statue of the poet on the same spot, the foundation-stone to be laid on Monday, the 24th of April next.

THE FAT CATTLE SHOW at Bingley Hall, Birmingham, was opened on Saturday with a splendid show of animals. The exhibition of the Smithfield Club opens at the Agricultural Hall on Monday.

AT OWENSVILLE, California, they have been using acorns as currency. Business men got along very well until the Indians began to lay up their winter stores, when the currency became disarranged, and a panic ensued.

A NEW MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE is to be erected in Cape Town for one of the principal Malay congregations. It is expected to prove one of the handsomest architectural ornaments of the city, and is to cost several thousand pounds.

SOME OF THE ITALIAN PAPERS revive the story that the Papal army is to be disbanded and then reorganised, with Francis II. of Naples for General-in-Chief and Lamoricière for the active command.

THE VESTRY OF ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS have received notice from the office of Woods and Forests that the Government will require the whole of the workhouse and the site for the purposes of the National Gallery, and invites the vestry to send in their estimate of its value.

THE MOSCOW GAZETTE declares that the interests of Russia demand that she should support Austria on the Venetian question, and endeavour to limit the action of the September Convention to Rome alone.

A WORKING MEN'S CLUB is about to be formed in Canterbury. The building was purchased for £650, the purchase-money being advanced by the Venerable Archdeacon Harrison; Robert Lake, Esq.; and the Mayor of Canterbury, Peter Marten, Esq.

A PAMPHLET, written by the Hungarian General Turr, on the cession of Venice, has just been published in Turin. The writer is of opinion that the only way to persuade Austria to give up her Italian possessions is to come to blows with her and drive her out of the Quadrilateral by force.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has sentenced a Colonel of the Equestrian Guard, who was the principal in a fatal duel, to the loss of his rank and orders, and to serve as a private. The seconds, a Captain and a Lieutenant, were sentenced to three months' confinement in a fortress.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN IN COUNCIL has decided to banish to the Canary Islands the Infante Don Enrique, brother of the King Consort, the cause being a letter he had addressed to the King and Queen, making offensive observations on public and family matters and showing a great want of courtesy and respect.

BY THE LIBERALITY OF THE EARL OF HOME, the department of manuscripts, British Museum, has acquired a very interesting and valuable illuminated manuscript, dated about 1510, and entitled, "Le Chapelet de Jhesus et de la Vierge Marie," bound in green velvet, studded with silver-gilt Tudor roses, five on each side, and furnished with clasps of the same metal.

MR. COBDEN'S HEALTH is suffering from the effects of his exertions at the recent great meeting of his constituents at Rochdale.

MR. SPURGEON has deliberately renounced the title of "Reverend," and no longer desires to be so addressed.

A BUST OF THACKERAY, by Baron Marochetti, is to be placed in Westminster Abbey, close to the effigy of Joseph Addison. The two Carthusians, therefore, will meet at last.

BARON HAUSSEMAN, Prefect of the Seine, proposes to place along the Paris Boulevards, all the way from the Barrière du Trône to the Barrière de l'Étoile, a row of bronze statues of the different great men and women of French history from its earliest date to the present.

"FATHER MOONEY," the Irish priest who married Miss Theresa Longworth Yelverton, in the little chapel of Killymore, Rostrevor, died a few days ago. The deceased gentleman was subjected to a very severe cross-examination at the trial of the Yelverton case in Dublin, and it is said "he was never himself since."

THE ANNUAL EXPENDITURE has risen in France from £56,000,000 to £93,000,000—a growth of not less than £37,000,000. Since the peace we have paid off more than £16,000,000, while the debt of France has been steadily growing at an average rate of nearly £10,000,000 a year.

A WOMAN WAS FINED AT WANDSWORTH POLICE COURT, a few days ago, for not having her children vaccinated. She had refused to allow her children to be vaccinated, and had said, "If it's God's will they should have the smallpox, they will have it." The consequences had been most lamentable: three children had died from smallpox.

A PILOT-BOAT recently ran ashore off Nantes during a heavy gale, and, when boarded, only a boy fifteen years of age was found on board. The master and pilot had been washed overboard by the vessel falling on her beam-ends. Soon afterwards she righted, and was steered into a place of safety by the boy.

A FEDERAL MAJOR having been killed by guerrillas in Missouri, General Rosecranz ordered Confederate Major Wolf to be executed in retaliation, although the officer had no hand in the affair. The sentence was about to be carried out when a reprieve was received from President Lincoln.

SEVERAL PERSONS voted in the late presidential election in the United States whose votes at the first election they had a part in were cast for General Washington, and who have not missed an election since. In Western New York Judge Patterson voted for Lincoln who cast his first ballot for Mr. Adams sixty-four years ago.

THE RE-EXAMINATION OF THE MAN KOHL, who is charged with the commission of the Plaisiow murder, was resumed before the Ilford bench of magistrates on Saturday last. A good deal of evidence was given, mainly that taken at the inquest, and the prisoner was committed for trial.

A NEW CLUB, to be called the "Silent Club," is about to be established in Paris. The members may eat, drink, read, write, or smoke; but they must not speak, nor wear creaking boots, nor play at dominoes, nor "rattle the bones," nor, in short, make any noise whatever. The floors will be covered with thick carpets, and the doors will open and shut without a sound.

MRS. FRANCES L. CLAYTON, now in Maine, enlisted in the army at St. Paul, Minnesota, with her husband, in 1861, and fought by his side until he was killed at the battle of Stone River. She has been in eighteen battles, once a prisoner, and three times wounded. After her husband's death, she made known her sex to her General and was discharged.

THE REIGNING KING OF WÜRTEMBERG, on the death of his father, last summer, immediately countermanded all the commissions the old King had given to artists in Germany and abroad. Among the artists in Rome who have suffered from this piece of injustice is M. Frey, a Swiss landscape-painter of great merit, who had just completed two views in Egypt at the especial request of the late King, which are now thrown on his hands.

AT A VILLAGE CALLED GRESFORD, near Wrexham, four children named Millington, and their mother, have died within a few days, having apparently been poisoned. It was not until two of them were dead that any alarm was given. At present there is no clue to the manner in which the poison was administered, but it is surmised that deleterious substances got mixed in some cakes, of which all the family partook.

MR. G. A. SALA, who has been for some time past the special commissioner of the *Daily Telegraph* in America, arrived at Liverpool, in the Persia, on Saturday. Mr. Sala expressed himself as highly delighted in being once more on British ground, his more recent personal experience of American society having been the reverse of agreeable. *On dit*, that on board the Persia Mr. Sala was "sent to Coventry" by the American passengers, who state that he would not have escaped "cowhiding" had he remained much longer in the Northern States.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

SINCE I last wrote, Mr. Spooner has quietly slipped out of the world. Feeble and blind, he had long been waiting for his summons. He was not in the house once last Session—not on that memorable 8th of July when hosts were summoned to battle, and all the lame, and the halt, and the sick who could be brought up made their appearance. He heard the sound of the trumpet, but could not answer the call; indeed, he heeded it not, for even then he was well aware that another summons had gone forth which he must obey, and that his work in this world was done. Mr. Spooner was born in 1783; and had therefore entered his eighty-second year. Mr. Spooner was first elected, in 1820, for the Duke of Newcastle's borough of Boroughbridge, one of those rotten boroughs out of which the Reform Bill choked the political life. But Mr. Spooner could not keep his seat. On a petition presented against him he was sent adrift. How this was I cannot discover. Oldfield, in his "Representative History," tells us that the number of voters in Boroughbridge was nominally seventy, in reality only two; and that the Duke always returned the members. How, then, could a petition against the Duke's man be successful? But was he the Duke's man? I think I have somewhere read that Mr. Spooner was then a Radical. But no matter. Mr. Spooner was not a man of sufficient note to induce anyone to prosecute a rigorous search into his early history. After his ambition had been thus nipped in the bud, history loses sight of him for a time. He does not turn up again till 1835, when he stood for Birmingham against Thomas Attwood and Joshua Scholefield, and was defeated by a large majority. In 1841 he again came forward, and was again defeated, but by a much smaller majority. And in 1844, on the death of Mr. Joshua Scholefield, he succeeded in defeating Mr. William Scholefield, and entered the house as the Conservative member for Birmingham. In 1847, however, the tables were turned, and he was again defeated. But Mr. Spooner had now become recognised as a champion of the Conservative cause, and was selected to represent North Warwickshire with Mr. Newdegate, who had four years before been chosen to succeed Sir Eardley Wilmot; and these two, as we all know, have run in couples ever since, the game being the Pope and Popery. How it was that both the members for North Warwickshire should have been afflicted with the anti-Popery monomania I cannot tell. Did Newdegate contract the disease first and communicate it to Spooner, or vice versa, or was the disease epidemic? And now I must leave Mr. Spooner to drop into oblivion, as he will certainly do; for, though he has been in the house twenty years, he has left no mark behind him that Time will not rapidly efface. He was a man of one idea, and that a very small one; but let him have this praise—to that one idea he was faithful to death.

Mr. Newdegate, though, is still left to us; and, so long as he retains his seat in Parliament, the idea will not want an earnest representative. And that Mr. Newdegate will keep his seat for many years is to be hoped and may be confidently believed. To be hoped for two reasons—first, because it would be a calamity to lose Mr. Newdegate, he is so honest and good; and, secondly, because it is a good thing to have a representative of all the ideas that float in society—he acts as an escape-pipe, to let off forces that would, if pent up, be dangerous. And here I may say, by-the-way, that Mr. Newdegate is a far superior man to his late colleague—as superior as the substance is to the shadow, as the voice is to the echo. And I think I may say that we may confidently believe that Mr. Newdegate will retain his seat. No doubt there is some dissatisfaction in North Warwickshire. It would be queer indeed if all the North Warwickshire Conservative voters were satisfied with so singular a man. Then, specially, his abstaining from voting in the division of the memorable 8th of July would offend many of the thick-and-thin Conservative partisans; but they will not discard him, nor will they try to do so, I think—if for no other reason than this: personally, he is very popular.

Another old member is hors de combat, and never likely to enter the house again—Mr. William Williams, the member for Lambeth. He fell from his horse in a fit, and, though he has partially recovered, all hope of his perfect recovery is abandoned. This is not the first nor the second attack of the kind, and, of course, the force of such attacks are cumulative.

Mr. Cobden, in passing, had a fling at the Earl of Ellenborough's pension. Let me then explain how his Lordship got it. Strictly speaking, it is not a pension, but a compensation for loss of fees. Lord Ellenborough held the office of Chief Clerk of the Court of Queen's Bench. What the duties of the office were I cannot say. They were, however, not onerous, we may be sure, as they were not necessary, for by an Act of Parliament, 7 Will. IV. and 1 Vic. c. xxx., this office, with a number of other useless places connected with the law courts, was abolished. But, though the duties were light, the emoluments were large, for the compensation granted is £7700 annually for life. On the face of it this transaction looks like a monstrous job; and I have no doubt that it was a job from the beginning to the end. The Earl's father, the Judge, I believe, gave his Lordship this all but sinecure place; and as he must have received its emoluments for many years—for his father died in 1818, and the office was not abolished until 1837—one would have thought that he might have been contented. From the time of his father's death to the abolition of the office the noble Earl must have received at least £150,000. Since then he has received as compensation over £200,000 more; and during part of this time he has received salaries from the State. For two years and over he was Governor-General of India, and for one year First Lord of the Admiralty. Here, by-the-way, we have an illustration of the difference between a pension and compensation. Had this sum been granted as a pension the payment of it would have been suspended, or partly so, whilst the noble Earl was receiving a salary; but, being a compensation, no deduction was made. Nor is it possible to stop the payment of this sum; for it is not voted annually, but is a charge upon the Consolidated Fund—that sink of jobbery which never meets the public eye. Here is another item that I have fished out:—Rev. Thomas Thurlow, as compensation for the loss of his office of Keeper and Clerk of the Hanaper (Court of Chancery), receives £4028 per annum. This gentleman also receives a further sum of £315 4s. 9d., compensation as late Prothonotary in the Court of Pleas, Durham, and £7352 14s. 6d. as Patentee of Bankrupts, London. Fortunate Mr. Thurlow! Who is he? A relative, I suspect, of Lord Chancellor Thurlow. There is also a John Holdship, with £1085 11s. at the end of his name, which he annually receives as compensation for the loss of the abolished office of "Chaffwax;" and I could fish up a good many more nice pickings of the same kind if it were worth while to do so. But, my readers will say, "These are the doings of days gone by; we have changed all that." But not so; for so lately as the 21st of Victoria, when the House concentrated the Ecclesiastical and Prerogative Courts, it awarded compensation for abolished offices to the amount of about £113,000 annually. Do, then, the Government, you will ask, always consent to give compensation in this extravagant way for loss of office abolished? To which I answer, no. To the powerful they give liberally; to the weak, little or nothing. In the case of the Ecclesiastical and Prerogative Courts' people, the Government did not propose to give nearly so much as they ultimately got. But they were powerful enough to get up such an agitation in the house that the Government was defeated. The officers in the Customs who have lost their places by reason of Mr. Gladstone's reforms are weak and feeble folk, and have received little or nothing. Thus you see, in this as in other cases, we, as the vulgar proverb says, "grease the fat sow."

In the story of "Coningsby," Mr. Disraeli exclaims, triumphantly, "As for modern philosophy, all springs from Spinoza!" When he wrote this novel, then, he was, it would seem, a disciple of this Jewish apostle of scepticism. Subsequently, in the "Life of Lord George Bentinck," he, by a curious logical process, defends the murderers of Christ. "Could that be a crime," he asks, "which secured for all mankind eternal joy; which vanquished Satan and opened the gates of Paradise?" And, lo! now he stands forth as the defender of the orthodox faith, as he showed in a marked manner in a speech he made at Oxford a few days ago. Surely, since the days of his Sacred Majesty Charles II., D. F. by the grace of God, no such singular defender of the faith has appeared in any land. This move of Mr. Disraeli's is, though, certainly a mistake. *Sic non itur ad astra*, most illustrious Caucasian. If you cannot mount to fame by the old political road, you will find no path through the Church; and, if there were one, you are not the man to mount the steep. At the beginning you have made a false step; you thought to secure the applause of the High Church and the Evangelicals, and you have shocked the religious feelings and offended the taste of both. Holy Apostles, Martyrs, Saints, and Reformers! has it come to this? that Christ's Church is nothing more than a couple of factions, analogous to our political parties, struggling for place and power! Majesty's Government on one side, and Majesty's Opposition on the other! And was it wise of you to pour out those scathing words of ridicule and scorn against such men as Maurice and Jowett and Stanley and Temple, and a host more, comprising some of the finest intellects of the age? Depend upon it that this is a blunder. The writings of these men are as far superior to all your rhetorical displays as the lights of heaven are to the fireworks of Cremorne, and will be seen shining in the heavens when your rhetorical crackers are forgotten. Man, man! when will you learn that the true policy of a political leader is to unite by every possible means, and not to disintegrate into conflicting atoms? You have again, Sir, sacrificed your party to your ambition to shine as a rhetorician.

I had a capital view of General Tom Thumb and his lady the other day, or, rather, the other night. The General, or, as he has resigned his baton and retired from public life, I should call him Mr. Charles Stratton, appeared to be very little altered since I saw him years ago. Mrs. Stratton must be the most diminutive matron that ever existed. Her personal appearance is charming, and the General may be congratulated in the tallest of American polysyllables. Mrs. Stratton (it sounds absurdly, the word Mrs.) was dressed in white; a scarlet opera-cloak was thrown over her shoulders; her manner was perfect, and without a trace of that terrible self-consciousness and desire for effect for which the fair among our Transatlantic cousins have a reputation. As she leaned back in her chair, her handkerchief and flacon upon her lap, she looked like a young English bride seen through the other end of an opera-glass. She is certainly a beauty, and at first sight I took her for her own baby. I did not see the infant; but, as I stared at his (or her) parents, I thought to myself, "If Mr. and Mrs. Stratton are so small, what must their child be? and—microscopes and animalcules!—of what littleness must be that baby's doll?"

Of eating legs of mutton and walking a thousand miles in as many hours we have heard quite enough, but I must say there is at least the charm of novelty in this advertisement from the *Times* of last week:—

MATCH AGAINST TIME FOR £1000.—Having made five guineas an hour during some years abroad, Mr. N. Hughes is willing to arrange fair conditions with any living artist of reputation to paint the best picture in the least time for £1000 a side.

This is the painter of the picture of "The Burning of the Cathedral of Santiago" exhibiting at the Pantheon, in which we are told there are 3000 ladies in every conceivable attitude of anguish and alarm. Such a pleasant announcement, of course, inclines one to pay it a visit. I have not, however, mustered up courage for that yet; so, perhaps, it will be better to wait till the match comes off. You observe how prudently Mr. Hughes guards against any attempt on the part of Raphael or Rubens to carry off the money. He specifies a living artist. I should like to see the match. Unluckily, the gentleman has got, first of all, as Mrs. Glass says, to catch his artist of reputation.

M. Berryer, whom we were fêting a few days ago, has been prevented by illness from taking his share in the defence of the thirteen gentlemen in the ranks of the Opposition to the Government who are now on trial in Paris for the offence of having met together at a private house for the discussion of *belles lettres*, *eau sucrée*, and, perhaps, politics. In France words are terrible weapons, and M. Cremieux, in his defence, gave the Government an unpleasant blow between the oratorical eyebrows. He said:—

The peculiarity of the transaction now before the Court is what most strikes me. There never was a parallel case. It is without precedent. There was no such proceeding under the old régime; and under the

new régime there is no instance of a judgment which strikes twelve or fifteen individuals without giving them a hearing, and which finds them guilty of a crime for which they have never been prosecuted.

I may mention that on Friday last the "treaty" was signed between M. Carvalho and M. Gounod that secures to the Théâtre Lyrique the new opera of "Romeo and Juliet." M. Gounod will not undertake to say at what date his opera will be ready.

A new sporting paper is to appear, or perhaps by this time has already appeared, in Paris—*Le Jockey*! Does it not look droll—*Le Jockey*? They might as well have christened it "*La Vie de Bell*."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

It is a commonplace, but I must out with it. We shall have Christmas upon us before we can turn! In the covers of magazines the symptoms are severe. As for Christmas books, the advertisements of the new volumes for the young have been, as usual, so much in advance of the time that their end is half defeated. It is all very well to take Time by the forelock; but if you make a grab at him before the right moment you "lay hold of the incorporeal air" (Shakespeare, or somebody), and down on your nose you go, as sure as eggs is eggs. Mr. Macey, in "*Silas Marner*," applied to courtship a lesson which does just as well for publishing—"Don't you say 'sniff!' before the other side is ready to say 'snaff!'" It is not to be supposed that people buy Christmas books a month in advance, and carry them about in their great-coats or hide them under bed-ticks. Keep a book as long as you like, it will never get "high," like a pheasant. And what's the effect of wandering down seventy-three columns of advertisements? Why, you take the crooked stick at last.

Here, then, is a whisper for the buyers of Christmas books for the young and the old-young. Don't be in a hurry:—

"I like these here dinners, so pretty and small;
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all."
"Oh, ho!" cries my friend, "he'll come on in a trice;
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice.
There's a pasty!" "A pasty!" repeated the Jew;
"I don't care if I keep a corner for 't too!"
"What! the de'il, mon! a pasty!" re-echoed the Scot—
"Though splitting, we'll all keep a corner for that!"
"We'll all keep a corner!" the lady cried out;
"We'll all keep a corner!" was echoed about.

Let me recommend you to keep a corner—there's a pasty—there's more than one pasty! Among the books on the verge of being issued—but the scenery and decorations have taken so long getting up—are two or three to make those who have bought Christmas books in a hurry repent at leisure. Here is one title, "*The Stealing of the Princes Ernest and Albert of Saxony: a True Story of the Middle Ages*." Now, of these Princes, Ernest was the "forbear," as the Scotch say, of the late Prince Albert, and, collaterally, the Queen; and the pedigree will be accurately given. But, besides, the story itself is romantic to the last degree, and it is one of those tit-bits of romantic truth which are not often to be laid hold of. Think of two princes, real live princes, stolen out of their beds in a July midnight, at Altenberg Castle, in 1455, by thirty-six armed thieves! Don't you call that "a pasty"? Well, that isn't all. There's another, "*The Adventures of Seven Four-footed Foresters; Narrated by Themselves*." Now this is, you perceive, a real venison pasty; and the manner in which Mr. James Greenwood has done the baking is enough to make the mouth water. Well, I might proceed. There are more yet—more, Sir! But that is enough; I disdain to puff! Such books on the shelves will speak for themselves! Remember the pasty, and don't be hasty!

To return, however, to the magazines. *Blackwood* is so good as to make up for last month's tameness. "Annt Ann's Ghost Story" is, in its way, a real "pasty"—eat it, by all means. "A Cavalry Officer" begins a series of papers entitled "*A Visit to the Cities and Camps of the Confederate States, 1863-4*," and his opening promises well. "Tony Butler" is again good; and Cornelius O'Dowd—well, one is tired of saying he is a clever, rattling fellow, and always readable. He is all that, and something more. Here is a happy morsel out of his present number:—

SCIENTIFIC CONGRESSES.

When John Girder declared that whatever "was perfectly uneatable might be given to the poor," he enunciated the grand maxim of Scientific Congresses; these wonderful meetings of world-famed men being very little else than grand gatherings for the disposal of rejected articles. What the originators of such societies intended, what they meant or hoped for when they instituted them, is clear and clean beyond me. I never met yet the man who owned he had gleaned anything from their lucubrations. I never saw the woman who did not come away more conceited and self-opinionated from having frequented them. When I came back to a late dinner, with my eight brace of birds or my fifteen-pound salmon, I want to see Mrs. O'Dowd smiling, civil, and complimentary; and what do I meet? a woman overwhelmed with care, her eyes actually red with tears. It is the coal-fields, she tells me, cannot last above twelve thousand years longer; or it is the earth's crust—she had it from Mr. Buckland himself—is positively a seventeenth of an inch thinner than it was in the time of Moses. I try to dispel her gloom by talking of my day's performance, and how many miles I have walked since breakfast, and she sneeringly tells me "there was a time when a very different race inhabited this earth, and when one might have seen a young giant walking about with a mastodon at his heels—just as we see a butcher now with a bulldog." This is downright offensive; it is personal too.

The Cornhill will have a large sale this month—not only on account of the great power, the increased power, of the "Armada" of Mr. Wilkie Collins, but on account, especially, of the paper about the late John Leech, which is painstakingly illustrated. One of the woodcuts (a full page) is of a drawing intended by Leech for *Punch's Almanac* this year. Well worth quoting, for those who do not buy the Cornhill, is this anecdote of

JOHN LEECH AND HIS LITTLE FRIEND.

He was very fond of a boy known to Mr. Dickens, an extraordinarily small boy, but of great spirit, who was a midshipman in the Navy. "Whenever this boy came home from a cruise," says Mr. Dickens, "he and Leech, and never anybody else, used to go out in great state, and dine at the Garrick Club, and go to the play, and finish in an exemplary way with kidneys and ham. On the first of these occasions, the officer came out so frightfully small, that, Leech told us afterwards, he was filled with horror when he saw him, eating his dinner at the Garrick with a large knife. On the other hand, he felt that to suggest a small knife to an officer and a gentleman would be his unpardonable affront. So, after meditating for some time, to remuneration was to object to the club knives as enormous and gigantic; to remuneration with the servant on their huge proportions, and with a grim satisfaction to demand small ones. After which, he and the officer messed with great satisfaction, and agreed that things in general were running too large in England."

But, as the number contains some remarkable articles besides—one about "Salvors," and another about what convicts *themselves* think about convict discipline, an essay written by a convict—it is a number to buy and keep. If anybody asks "What are Salvors?" I reply, in the favourite phrase of Sir William Jones's mother, "Read and you will know!"

To *Macmillan* we say welcome! and its excellence justifies the word. There is a letter from Mr. Maurice about Dr. Pusey's Appeal, and an article by Lord Hobart on "Intervention." Both these are striking contributions. Mr. Maurice maintains that, historically, the Royal supremacy has been a bulwark of toleration in the Church. It may be so; but that is no answer to Dr. Pusey and the Nonconformist, who, from opposite paths, came up on the same line to meet each other. The most powerful thing in Mr. Maurice's letter is the use he makes in his argument of Dr. Newman's "Apologia." This is quite original, and ought alone to make the serious reader anxious to possess the magazine. Mr. Kingsley's story and "A Son of the Soil" are full of "go," and both of them exceptionally noble and sweet in tone. The editor's "Recollections" of Chalmers, Wilson, Sir W. Hamilton, and others, are, however, worth a whole shelf of novels—novels even as good as Henry Kingsley's. Of course, the reason is that they are "true." I write this just fresh from finding three boys quite "low" in spirits from having been told that "Robinson Crusoe" was not "true."

In pausing, among the magazines, till next week, I would express, once for all, a hope that the hasty phrases in which a reviewer of magazines is often obliged to express his opinion of the quality of

the matter which they contain should never be taken as fully representing the estimate he forms of it. I am quite sure it will only be speaking the "sentiments" of all tolerably competent critics to say that I never "notice" either a good book or a good article without a sense of the disproportion between the faculty and culture expended in them, and the haste with which, at the best, the work of even the most conscientious reviewer must be done.

THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The adaptation of Dr. Mosenthal's play of "*Der Sonnenwendhof*" was produced at the HAYMARKET on Monday, under the title of "*Sunny Vale Farm*." As those who have seen the opera of "*Helvellyn*," which is founded on the same story, will know, the plot is simple in the extreme. The scene is laid in Styria in these present days, and the action of the piece occurs in and about the farm of Sunny Vale, the moral worked out being the superior strength of endurance to persecution, and that "to bear is to conquer our fate." Monica (Miss Snowden) is the buxom mistress of Sunny Vale Farm. Valentine (Mr. W. Farren), a good-looking young peasant, is her head man and confidential servant; and Dorothy (Mrs. Fitzwilliam) is the chief of the dairy. A young girl, a stranger and apparently a wanderer, Hilda (Mlle. Beatrice), passes by the farm, seeks employment, and obtains it, much to the indignation of Dorothy, who, good old servant as she is, is of a waspish, vixenish, terrible temper. A travelling tinker named Fritz (Mr. Clark) gossips about the newcomer, and affirms that she has strange and secret ways, that she left the two farms at which she last served suddenly, and that she is reputed to be a witch. It is a day of arrivals; and Monica, the mistress, is startled by the appearance of Matthias (Mr. Howe), the loose, dissolute, and vagabond brother of her late husband. Matthias, who has some vague notion that the death of his brother gives him a right over the property he left behind him, threatens the widow with a process at law. Monica departs to consult her legal adviser, leaving Valentine, towards whom she feels a yearning not uncommon in buxom widows for young men, as her representative in her absence. While she is away, Valentine becomes enamoured of Hilda. The poor girl has also to repel the brutal attentions of Matthias, who, in revenge for her telling him that he is "beneath contempt," swears to work her ruin. What the "handkerchief spotted with strawberries" is to "Othello," a bit of bread and a draught of milk is to "*Der Sonnenwendhof*." Hilda gives away these very pastoral refreshments to a child with a dying mother. Matthias reports the fact to Dorothy, and Dorothy publicly accuses Hilda of theft. Valentine nobly defends the girl he loves. Dorothy, who knows Valentine to be a foundling, reflects on the character of his mother. In the midst of this confusion Monica returns. Valentine informs her of what has occurred, and demands that, for the insult offered to Monica, in his person, Dorothy be dismissed. Confident in her talents, her long and faithful services, Dorothy awaits the issue unconcernedly. But the old chief of the dairy had not calculated on the power of love. Monica casts a look of affection on Valentine and bids Dorothy leave the farm at once. Events then follow in rapid succession. Monica declares her love to Valentine and offers him her hand. Matthias is banished from the farm, and Valentine avows his passion to Hilda. Hilda, who returns the feeling, conceals her emotion, and, to rid herself of his importunities, tells him the secret of her life. Her father—one Balthazar—was suspected to be the incendiary who, some years before, set fire to a foundry on the other side of the mountain. Matthias and Dorothy inform Monica of the meeting between Hilda and Valentine, and an éclaircissement ensues. Matthias is discovered to be the man who fired the foundry; and, in endeavouring to escape from the consequences of his confession, he falls over a precipice and perishes. The widow waives her claim to the hand of Valentine, and the lovers are made happy. The piece was very creditably performed. Mlle. Beatrice was graceful and interesting, and rendered the crushed sweetness and subdued suffering of Hilda with admirable truthfulness. She may also be congratulated on her triumph over our language, which is considerably greater than any hitherto achieved by Parisian artistes. The clever and versatile Mr. Howe was more than usually happy as the ruffian Matthias: a more thorough rascal could not have been better conceived—or executed. Mrs. Fitzwilliam acted with force, earnestness, and spirit. She was acid, querulous, vindictive, and pathetic. I trust, however, that she will pardon me for saying that her face and figure are not suited to the personation of old women. Mr. Clark played the chattering tinker capitably, and Miss Maria Harris made a very piquant and artless shepherdess. It is a difficult thing for a company accustomed to the high-heeled shoes and powder of comedy to sink their associations in a single night and be perfectly *au fait* in melodrama. The audience applauded loudly at the fall of the curtain, and the piece was announced for repetition until further notice. Mr. J. V. Bridgeman, the adapter, has done his work with the skill of a practised dramatist. He received an enthusiastic call—to which, however, he did not respond. "*Der Sonnenwendhof*" is a clever play, and a well-constructed play; but it is not likely to touch the sympathies of English audiences to the same extent as its predecessor—"Leah." The character of the heroine, though thoroughly interesting, is not, I think, forcible enough for theatrical palates, accustomed, perhaps vitiated, by the very strong sensations of the modern drama. Mention must not be forgotten of the very picturesque and appropriate scenery of Messrs. Morris and O'Connor.

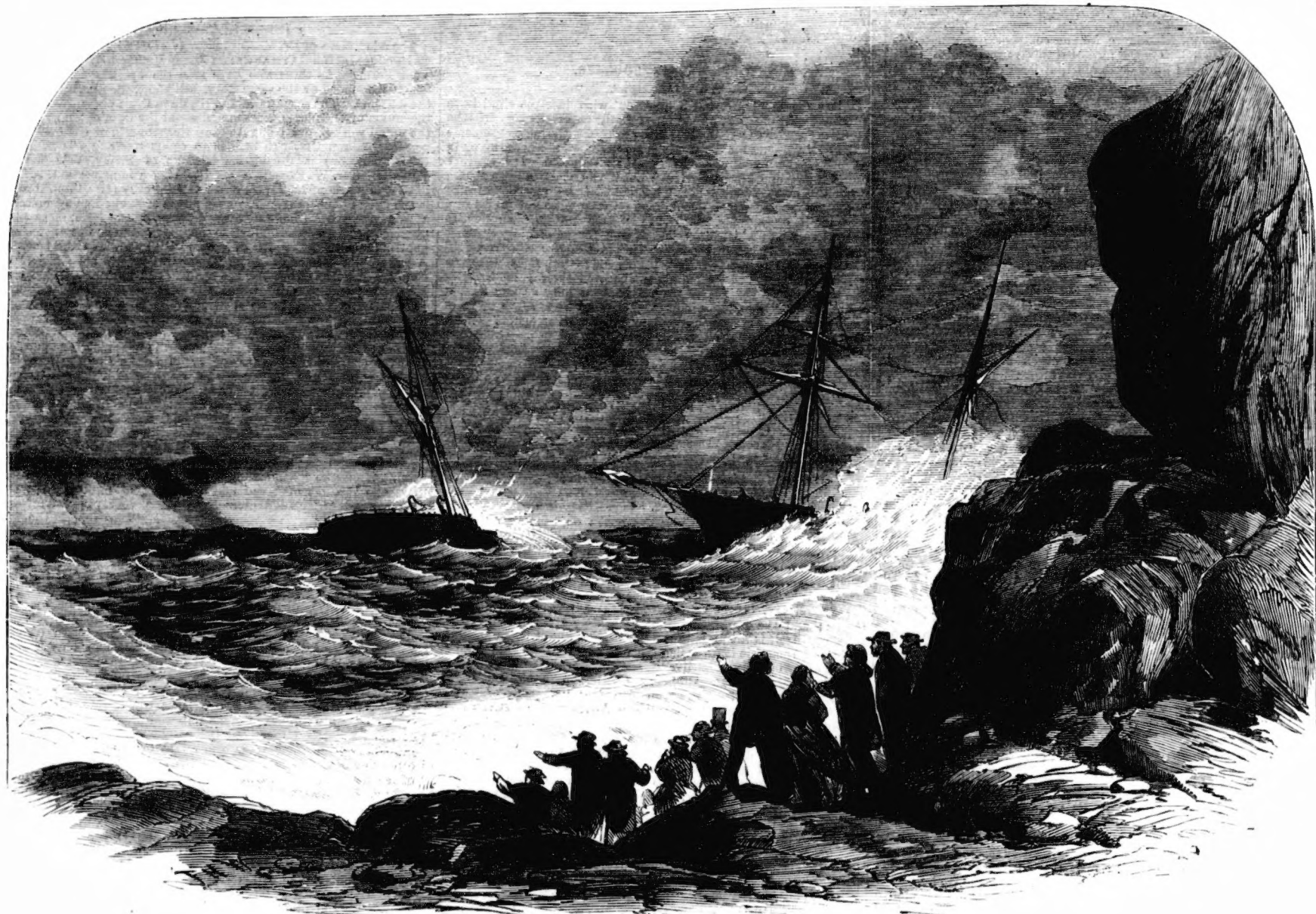
The new Porte St. Martin drama of "*The Workmen of Paris*" was announced for production at the ADELPHI on Saturday last, and again on Monday. It was played on Wednesday. I hope to give an account of it in your next impression.

A capital afterpiece, under the title of "*Mandrin*," has been produced at the SURREY. Perhaps many of your readers have not even heard of the name of Louis Mandrin, born in 1724, and for seventeen years the most ferocious, daring, and cruel of French robbers and assassins. His adventures form the subject of a cheap book, still sold on the Quais of Paris. The Surrey drama is excellently got up, and well played, the parts of Mandrin and of Margarita being specially well filled by Mr. Fernandez and Miss Pauncefort. Probably few who witnessed the play knew that Mandrin and his betrothed, La Belle Isaura, were really historical personages, and that their marvellous adventures were represented with unusual fidelity to truth. A saying of Mandrin's while being broken upon the wheel is recorded by Sir Walter Scott, in a note to "*The Betrothed*" (chapter 30), as containing a curious fact in psychological philosophy. Here it is:—"When Mandrin received the second blow over the left shoulder-bone, he laughed. His confessor inquired the reason of demeanour so unbecoming his situation. 'I only laugh at my own folly, my Father,' answered Mandrin. Who could suppose that sensibility of pain should continue after the nervous system had been completely deranged by the first blow?"

The note of preparation for Christmas is given—by saws and hammers chiefly—in every theatre in London. Spangles are "up," and Dutch metal and foil-paper are demanded wildly.

GARIBALDI AND HIS YACHT.—The following letter has been received in London:—"Capra, Nov. 18.—Ladies and gentlemen,—The yacht which you have presented me is indeed a precious gift, and immensely more precious is the generous benevolence with which you have honoured me. I shall all my life be justly proud of having, not merited, because it was merited by others rather than myself, but, by good fortune, gained your sympathy. Benefactors to me, a humble individual, this is a gift on behalf of the sacred cause of my country—the cause of every oppressed people. With every grateful feeling of my heart, I am yours, GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI. To the generous subscribers for the yacht."

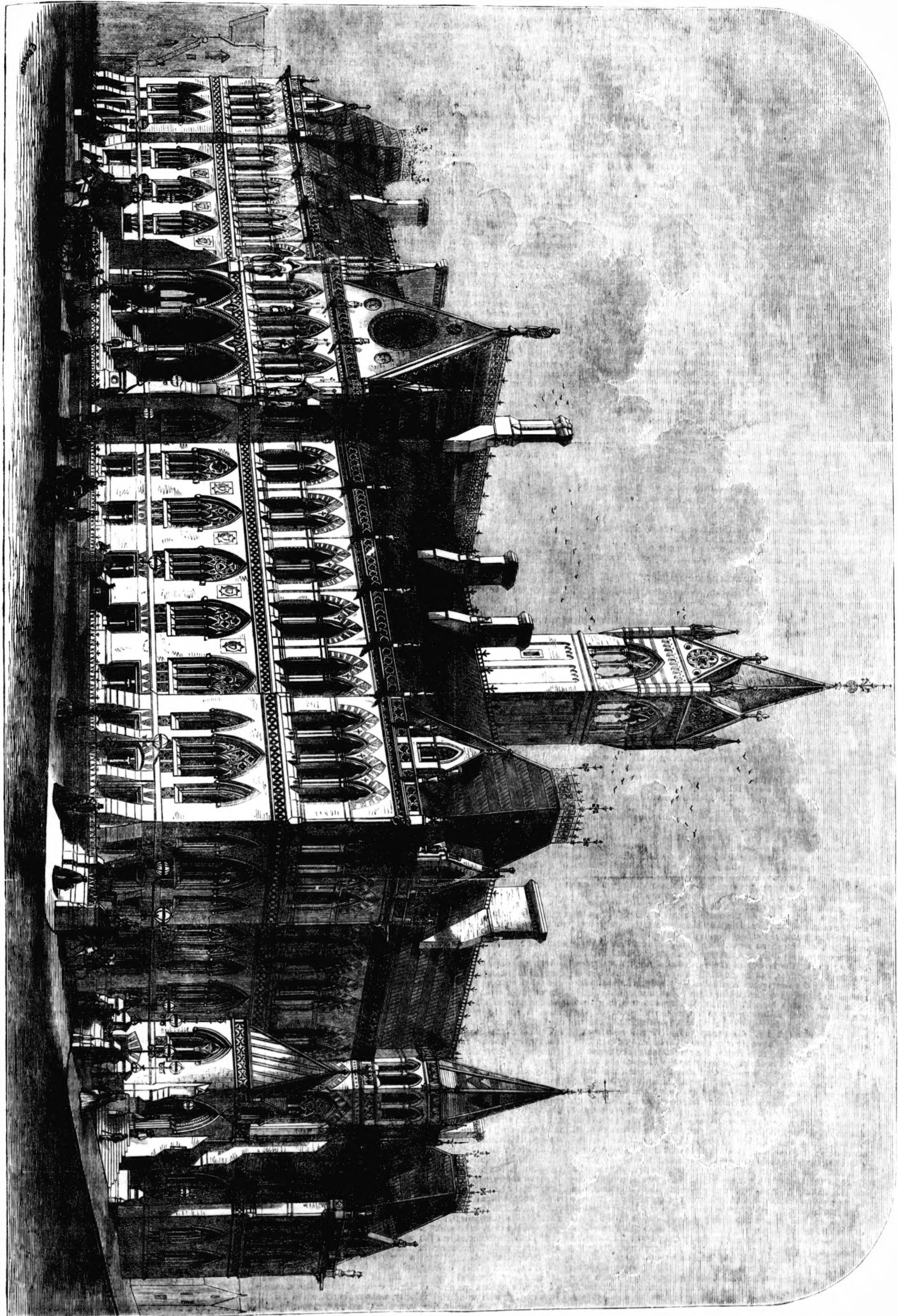
THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM AT FROGMORE.—On Monday morning the massive and elegant sarcophagus which is intended to be placed in the new Royal mausoleum at Frogmore, as a fitting receptacle for the remains of the Prince Consort, was conveyed from the goods station of the Windsor terminus of the Great Western Railway to the Royal grounds at Frogmore. The sarcophagus, which is of dark polished Scotch granite, arrived at Windsor from Aberdeen on Sunday morning. It consists of two parts, each of which was carefully packed in strong wooden cases. They weigh together about thirteen tons. The recumbent statue of the Prince Consort, which is to be placed on the top of the sarcophagus, will, it is understood, be the work of Baron Marochetti. The mausoleum itself is now nearly finished.



WRECK OF THE SCREW-STEAMER STANLEY ON THE BLACK MIDDENS, AT THE MOUTH OF THE TYNE.



AURORA BOREALIS IN SWEDEN.



THE NEW ASSIZE COURTS, MANCHESTER.

DREADFUL GALE ON THE COAST.

SERIOUS DISASTERS AT SEA.

DURING last week a terrible gale blew on the coast, particularly on the east and north, and most disastrous shipwrecks have been the consequence. The steamer *Dalhousie* was wrecked at the entrance of the Forth of Tay, Scotland, and all on board, amounting to twelve persons, perished.

The schooner *Argo*, of Colchester, from Hartlepool for London, with coals, struck on Gorton Sand—a dangerous reef lying between Yarmouth and Lowestoft—and almost immediately went on her beam-ends. The crew, consisting of five hands, got out the boat, and at great risk to their lives scrambled into it, cut the rope, and drifted off. In their hurry they forgot the master, Captain S. Hedley, and made a desperate attempt to regain the schooner, but without avail, as the wind was dead against them with a tremendous sea on. The boat drifted over the sands through St. Nicholas's gateway, and was carried at the mercy of the waves into Yarmouth roadstead. The little craft with the half-naked sailors on board was then driven through the Cockle-gateway into the Wold, and, after suffering intensely from cold and exposure, the poor fellows were picked up in a very exhausted state by the barque *Medora* and landed at Yarmouth, where they were received at the Sailors' Home. The vessel has disappeared, and the unfortunate master has doubtless met a watery grave.

A collier brig, bound for London from Hartlepool, was driven on shore on the Cork Sand, in the upper part of the Swin, near Harwich, and went to pieces, six of the crew meeting a watery grave.

A brig, named the *Martin Luther*, of Sunderland, formerly of Colchester, was broken to pieces on the South Pier, Shields, and the whole of her crew were drowned.

Seven persons were drowned near Laysdown, in the Isle of Sheppey, on Wednesday night week. A barge, the property of Mr. Joseph Stone, of Upnor, laden with manure, sailed from London for Laysdown on Monday morning, and anchored off the jetty on Wednesday night. The master of the barge was a man named William Jarrett, whose family, consisting of a wife and seven children, occupied berths on board. Late at night Jarrett, dreading the approach of a storm, weighed anchor, intending to run into Sheerness Harbour for safety. He had previously sustained an injury to his arm, which rendered him incapable of efficiently working his vessel, but with the assistance of his two sons (lads aged respectively fourteen and twelve) he resolved to make an attempt to reach a place of comparative safety. While making the necessary preparations to carry out his purpose, the tarpaulins on deck were swept away, the hatches were burst open, the water rapidly filled the barge, and, notwithstanding the exertions of Jarrett and his sons, she finally sank. The ill-fated crew clung to the rigging, but the sea raged so fearfully that the mother, three daughters, and two sons were swept away. The father, together with the two lads who had helped to work the craft, clung with extraordinary tenacity throughout the night to a portion of the rigging. The lads were early on the following morning rescued from their perilous position by the coast-guard; but the father was found dead, still clasping a portion of the wreck.

At Aberdeen a sad affair happened on Sunday. A number of people were on the point of the pier when a huge wave came dashing up, swept three persons off and drowned them, and broke the limbs of several others.

There was a collision in the Channel on Monday between the *Kheronesse* and another vessel. Both are lost.

From almost all parts of the coast sad accounts of the effects of the storm have been received, the most melancholy of all, however, is the

WRECK OF THE STEAM-SHIP STANLEY.

The steamer *Stanley*, of Aberdeen, on her passage to London, with passengers, merchandise, and cattle—the latter about forty in number, together with some sheep and pigs—was overtaken by the gale; and made such bad weather of it that the captain, being anxious to save the live stock on the deck, made for the Tyne. While entering the harbour on the night of Thursday week she struck on the Black Middens rocks off the Spanish Battery, at about six o'clock. As soon as she came to the ground the boiling waters burst over her with terrific force. The rolling of the vessel on the rocks, the heartrending shrieks of the female passengers, and the hoarse and hurried shouts of the seamen as they were tossed to and fro, made up a scene which it is impossible to find words adequately to depict. The irresistible force of the waves lifted her further on to the rocks, and in coming down she holed her bottom. The sea rushed in, put out the engine fires, and burst one of the boilers. The firemen fortunately escaped without sustaining any more serious injury than a few slight scalds. As soon as the ill-fated steamer was seen on the rocks Mr. Lawrence Byrne, of the coastguard, immediately caused the rocket apparatus to be taken down to the shore, opposite the *Stanley*. After three shots had been fired, they were successful in establishing a communication with the stranded steamer. The rocket apparatus worked admirably, and one of the crew of the steamer was successfully brought on shore by it. The next man that was brought on shore by the apparatus was the fireman. An attempt was then made to bring off a third man, but, most unfortunately, while the poor fellow was midway between the vessel and the shore, the whip-line of the apparatus became entangled somehow with the rocks, and the consequence was that he was kept in the water a considerable time. Ultimately those on shore succeeded in drawing him a little nearer, when the apparatus once more became entirely useless from having again become entangled amongst the rocks. At the imminent risk of their lives, Mr. Geo. Bruce, draper, Tynemouth; Mr. James Fry, joiner, of the same place; Mr. Ferguson, and another man, exerted themselves with much daring gallantry, and succeeded in freeing the entangled line, and the third man, much exhausted, was drawn on shore. Mr. Byrne himself had a very narrow escape from being swept away by a retiring wave. While holding on by the hawser of the apparatus a mighty sea came rushing in upon him, and he must inevitably have perished had it not been for the courageous conduct of an aged gentleman, who rushed to his assistance, and whose cloak he fortunately seized hold of in time to save himself. About this time it was seen that the seamen were endeavouring to lower the life-boat of the steamer from the davits, with a view of saving the women and children on board. The crew had previously been busily engaged in pitching the cattle overboard in the endeavour to get the deck clear. They had then turned their attention to the rescue of the females. While in the act of lowering the life-boat the tackle of the fore davit gave way—at that time five women and three sailors being in the boat—and the life-boat, immediately swinging round by the other davit, swamped. Two of the women were pulled into the steamer, but the other poor creatures found a watery grave. While these efforts were being made to save the crew, the screams which proceeded from the vessel, and in which the shrill shouts of the women piteously mingled with the hoarse cries of the sailor lads, were sufficient to pierce the hearts of the stoutest spectators; and the painful sounds were kept up long after every effort to rescue the crying sufferers had temporarily ceased.

About half-past ten o'clock, a schooner went on shore a little to the westward of the steamer. This new source of misfortune, as may be conceived, greatly increased the excitement, and for a moment diverted the thoughts of the crowd from the more appalling catastrophe; but, as the *Stanley* was the larger vessel of the two, and had the greater number of people on board, the efforts of the coastguard men were principally directed to the steam-ship. In the meanwhile, the schooner gradually drifted up until she came to a ledge of rocks nearer to the shore. In this state of things the crew of the Tynemouth life-boat, manned by an efficient crew, put out of the haven, and attempted to get alongside the steamer; but, owing to the terrific sea which was running, the men were unable to do so. They then made for the schooner, and had nearly got alongside her when they were overtaken by a heavy sea, which broke all the oars on the larboard side, and also stove in that

portion of the boat, the melancholy consequence being that Edward Robson, James Blackburn, Joseph Bell, and James Grant, four of the life-boat's crew, were drowned. The schooner subsequently slid off the ledge of rocks and capsized. Truly terrible was now the scene. The cries of the immense crowd of people on the shore rose up in a despairing wail for the poor creatures on board as the unfortunate vessel slowly disappeared in the boiling surf. It is supposed that there were on board about six human beings, the whole of whom have thus met a watery grave. About ten minutes after this painful calamity the apprehensions of the spectators were further aroused by a loud crash, accompanied as it was by what appeared to be the cries of persons on board, and was by many ascribed to the breaking up of the steamer. Shortly afterwards, however, the night became a little clearer, and then it was ascertained that the ominous noise had arisen, not, as was supposed, from the *Stanley*, but from the shock of a brig which had been driven alongside the ill-fated steamer. The people on board the brig began to make signals of distress, but it was impossible to render them any assistance, and they had to be left to their fate, with the hope that she would hold together until the sea fell. At two o'clock she still withstood the violence of the waves. At that time it seemed impossible that the three life-boats would be able to get to the steamer on the rise of the tide. When the Northumberland life-boat made an attempt to reach the vessel before that, she was struck with a tremendous sea, and the men on board were completely stunned by the weight of water which fell upon them. They lost five of their oars, and were obliged to row back to the harbour, much discouraged at their misfortune and sadly disappointed at not being able to render any assistance to the poor creatures who were in deadly peril. Two of the South Shields life-boats were also manned, and ready to venture on their life-saving mission as soon as there seemed to be any prospect of getting near the vessels.

A number of the crew and passengers on board the steamer and the other vessels were afterwards saved; but a very large loss of life has undoubtedly been the result of these wrecks. Shortly before daylight on Friday morning, the tide being well down, Mr. Byrne and the coastguard men, assisted by several civilians, succeeded in firing a line a second time to the wrecked steam-ship *Stanley*; and, a cradle being rigged, the survivors of the passengers and crew were brought ashore—one gentleman, a first-class passenger, however, being lost by falling off the cradle. On account of the steward's book being lost, a correct list of the passengers cannot be given. They numbered about thirty, and comprehended about an equal number of both sexes. Nine of the passengers and all the crew, except five, were ultimately saved.

The wreck is scattered along the shore a considerable distance, and there are several dead bullocks among the rocks. Some of the lady passengers were emigrants about to proceed to America. At the time the *Stanley* took Shields Bar it is reported that there were 21 ft. of water on it. But, as the tide was only quarter flood, the Newcastle Trinity House had the harbour lights out. The captain thinks that if he had had the guidance of the harbour lights he might have brought his vessel into the Tyne in safety. The *Stanley* was a screw-steamer of 376 tons, and was built at Middlesborough about seven years ago.

A LAKE SCENE IN SWEDEN.

WE have already given some particulars of the scenery and wild life in Norway, and now that the tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales has given the impulse of fashion to intending travellers there can be little doubt that a journey to Sweden will also grow into public favour as a pleasant autumnal trip. The truth is that Sweden has not yet been "done" by the pestilent set of travellers who ruin every place into which they swarm, and spoil the morals of innkeepers and peasants alike by their exactions and their false liberality; so that for the next few years, at least, there will be a real pleasure in a journey amongst the lakes and fir forests, or even in a few weeks' sojourn at Stockholm. Of course the capital is not a very lively place, notwithstanding the hills with which it is surrounded and the beauty of the Malar lake; but only a few miles from Stockholm, and especially when the frost has covered the green and brown hills with snow, the visitor may make a regular excursion amidst forest scenery, where pine, fir, and spruce stand like trees of bronze incrustated with silver; the delicate twigs resembling sprays of crystal of a thousand airy and exquisite patterns. Here no wind moves the branches except in the open glades between the woods, where the frozen lakes spread out like intervals of meadow; and in the dim morning twilight a meteor may sometimes be seen, like a white soft ball of fire, appearing nearly as large as the moon, and moving noiselessly in a horizontal line from east to west.

Still further north the dreary pine forests, the leaden sky, and the piercing deadly cold will often make a journey (say in Bothnia) a rather serious affair; but given fine weather, with but little wind stirring, and a voyage of moderate length, with a comfortable posthouse at the end of the day's journey, is a thing to remember. One who made such an excursion says, "By Odin! it was glorious! The smooth, firm road, crisp and pure as alabaster, over which our sleigh-runners talked with the rippling, musical murmur of summer brooks; the sparkling, breathless firmament; the gorgeous ray flash of morning slowly deepening, until the orange disc of the sun cut the horizon; the golden blaze of the tops of the bronze firs; the glittering of the glassy birches; the long, dreary sweep of the landscape; the icy nectar of the perfect air; the tingling of the roused blood in every vein, all alert to guard the outposts of life against the besieging cold;—it was superb! The sun rose a little after ten, and I have never seen anything finer than the spectacle which we then saw for the first time, but which was afterwards almost daily repeated, the illumination of the forests and snowfields in his level orange beams—for even at mid-day he was not more than eight degrees above the horizon. The tops of the trees only were touched: still and solid as iron, and covered with sparkling frost crystals, their trunks were changed to blazing gold, and their foliage to a fiery orange-brown. The delicate purple sprays of the birch, coated with ice, glittered like wands of topaz and amethyst; and the slopes of virgin snow, stretching towards the sun, shone with the fairest saffron gleams. There is nothing equal to this in the south—nothing so transcendently rich, dazzling, and glorious. Italian dawns and twilights cannot surpass those we saw every day—not like the former, fading rapidly into the ashen hues of dusk, but lingering for hour after hour, with scarce a decrease of splendour. Strange that Nature should repeat these lovely aerial effects in such widely different zones and seasons! I thought to find in the winter landscapes of the far North a sublimity of death and desolation—a wild, dark, dreary monotony of expression; but I had, in reality, the constant enjoyment of the rarest, the tenderest, the most enchanting beauty."

It is this strangely-beautiful effect of light and atmosphere which relieves the wild monotony of the Swedish lakes, which in early spring and summer show wildflowers on the otherwise barren hills, but in winter would be gloomy, bleak, and dark, but for the strange, dreamlike loveliness of the sky. Of these lakes perhaps the most beautiful is the Viken, between Stockholm and Gottenburg, its irregular shores, covered with forests of fir and birch, thrusting out long narrow headlands, which divide it into deep bays studded with wild, wooded islands.

Of all conditions under which to see a Swedish lake, however, that of the meteoric light known as the "aurora borealis" is, perhaps, the most wonderful. But only a few travellers have ever seen it to perfection, since the aurora is very fickle, sometimes appearing and disappearing in the course of a few minutes, at other times lasting for a whole night, or even for days together. The coming of this beautiful phenomenon is generally heralded by the flitting across the heavens of pale, shapeless patches of light coming from the north-east, moving with wonderful velocity, and seeming like the fitful reflections of some distant fire; sometimes, however, mounting to

the zenith and changing both form and motion. As the season advances the appearances of the aurora often increase in number and brilliancy until they form a splendid arch across the heavens, of pale lambent flame, running with inconceivable velocity, and resembling the spiral motions of a serpent. The arches are sometimes single; while it frequently happens that several concentric ones appear, but they seldom exceed five, and are scarcely ever limited to one. They are sometimes composed of a continuous stream of light, bright at the horizon, and increasing in brilliancy at the zenith; and when the internal motion is rapid and the light brilliant the beams of which they are composed are discernible.

This internal motion appears as a sudden glow, not proceeding from any visible concentration of matter, but bursting forth in several parts of the arch, as if an ignition of combustible matter had taken place and was spreading itself rapidly towards each extremity. The aurora borealis is of various colours, which seem to depend on the motion of the beams, themselves a steel grey, yellowish grey, pea green, celadine green, gold colour, violet, and various shades of red. The arches are sometimes nearly black, passing into violet blue, and so through grey, gold, and white, while sometimes the hues are entirely prismatic. Indeed, the shapes and tints of this exquisite visitor to the northern heavens are so various and brilliant that few travellers have perfectly agreed in their impressions concerning them; but even more striking than the lurid dreamy splendour of the "midnight sun" in Lapland is the brilliant shimmer of this northern light as it casts its pale glory down upon the broad dark mirror of a Swedish lake and wakens the elk in his deep lair amongst the whispering pines.

THE NEW ASSIZE COURTS AT MANCHESTER.

THE Manchester palace of justice—for no less name seems fitted to apply to the exquisitely beautiful building in which the assize courts are placed—has been conceived and carried out with that unity of purpose which generally ensures success. It has been built and adapted for the administration of justice, and for that alone. All its conveniences and contrivances have been carried out with the one object of facilitating in the very best manner the performance of the various duties cast upon the Judges, the Bar, and the jurors. The courts are so placed that the private rooms of the judges are closely adjoining. They can therefore communicate readily with each other. The courts are large and roomy, with ample public accommodation. The Bar accommodation is most considerate, and for the first time may be seen barristers' seats adapted for the performance of the laborious and arduous duties cast upon the Bar. The desks in front of the seats are flat and broad; a barrister may, therefore, get up and address the jury without seeing his brief and papers scatter about his heels, or over the front into the next seat—inconveniences which, while they incommode the working barrister, and worry and divert his attention, are, consequently, not a little mischievous to the interests of the client intrusted to him. In fact, a scientific, a liberal, and a skilful course marks the whole arrangements.

The building is florid Venetian Gothic, exceedingly beautiful architecturally, and the interior of each court is in admirable taste and keeping with the building. The fittings are of oak, and light and elegant panelled oak surrounds the courts, and seems well calculated for sound, at the same time giving to each court an indefinable air of elegance and comfort. The actual trial of the courts has proved them to be well adapted for hearing. The ornamentation of the courts is by Mr. Crace, of London, and it is almost needless to say that his decoration accords and harmonises admirably with the appointments and designs of the architect, and that everything is carried out with excellent taste. Everything is genuine, substantial, and elegant. There is no tawdriness of painting and stucco and imitation marble; carved oak and varnished pine wood and the carved grey stone of the building are almost the only ornaments used, and there is a genuine and real look about everything. Connected with the courts is a magnificent hall, with tessellated pavement, to promenade in. It is covered with a hammer-beam roof of open timber-work, the spaces between the rafters being painted blue and powdered with white stars. Grotesque figures on each side support the gas pendants, which of their kind are very light and elegant—by Skidmore, of Coventry. It is lighted at each end by two large stained-glass tracery windows. A light and elegant arched corridor, with abundance of light from a stained-glass roof, leads to a most charming library, fitted with little recesses, in which the members of the Bar may quietly read their briefs apart from the rest of the room. On the opposite side of the hall, a wide stone staircase, the sides lined with encaustic tiles in a pleasing pattern, and which, in fact, goes round the interior of the building, leads to a suite of consultation-rooms, and to a very well proportioned and exceedingly handsome barristers' dining-room for the Bar mess, plainly yet handsomely furnished with a long oak table and cross table capable of dining about 100. The room is furnished with strong substantial leather-seated oak chairs, the ornaments and other furniture being in excellent taste and perfect keeping. In the basement story are the kitchen and other offices, fitted for a large household, and admirably contrived. At the other end of the building are the private apartments of the Judges and their marshals and suite. They are all furnished with a plain, substantial, and yet elegant, taste, which gives to the whole a charming air of comfort and repose.

One thing is particularly observable throughout the building—the perfect adaptability of its various parts to the purposes to which they are applied. There are no dark holes, or gloomy gas-lit passages, or badly-contrived closets. There is an abundance of light, of ventilation, and of convenience of every kind. The Gothic form of the building seems to have adapted itself to exactly what was wanted within, and the lofty and elegant timber-arched roofs afford that variety of form and of beauty which at once satisfies and gratifies the eye.

It is simply an act of justice to Mr. Waterhouse, the architect of this most beautiful building, to state that he has built a palace of justice the equal of which the country does not possess, and which may well serve as a model for all future buildings of the kind. All credit ought also to be given to the magistrates of the hundred of Salford for the unstinted liberality with which they furnished the means wherewith to erect so magnificent a structure.

LOST IN THE BUSH.—The *Melbourne Argus* publishes a letter from a Moruya correspondent to the following effect:—"Our little town was in a complete state of fever heat on the 3rd inst. (September), in consequence of the unexpected and sudden appearance of the missing man, Ned Corrigan, for whom search had been made high and low, in creeks and rivers, through bush and brake, but all to no purpose. It appears that he was proceeding to muster his horses when he saw a horse on a range, which he supposed was one he had lost some time since, and immediately made into the bush to see whether it was the Simon Pure or not; but Ned missed his way, and the horse too. After repeated and vain efforts night and day to retrace his steps, or to discover where he was, he gave it up, and laid himself down prepared for the worst. After a while he determined to make another push. Walking almost incredible distances for a man in such a state of weakness, fording rivers, &c., he at last arrived at Cadgee, without having tasted anything but water for eleven days."

THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.—The Italian newspapers announce the death, at the age of eighty-five, at Recanati, of Brother Philip Count Coloredo and Marquis of Recanati, Grand Master of the Order of Malta and of the Holy Sepulchre. This venerable successor of Villaret, the conqueror of Rhodes; and D'Aubusson, L'Isle Adam, and La Vallette, the defenders of Rhodes and Malta, was a link between feudal and modern Europe. He was admitted a member of the order at Malta under the Grand Master De Rohan, whose code of laws still governs that island; and for twenty years he has been chief of the order, which, though deprived of its dominions, still preserves the honours of sovereignty and a very large property, and has an Ambassador at several European Courts. One of the last acts of his life was to give to the beautiful church attached to the hospital of the order in Great Ormond-street, London, a splendid altar of Rosso Antico, designed by an eminent Roman artist. On Tuesday there was high mass in this church, which is a little gem of the classical style of architecture, and the Requiem of Mozart was sung in a style of great excellence. Sir George Bowyer, who is a knight of the order, built and endowed the church and hospital.

OUR FEUILLETON.

MY UNCLE THE BANDIT.

(Continued from page 347.)

The travellers were introduced into a large chamber lit by the uncertain light of a lamp, and the amiable bandit by whom they had been accompanied invited them to exercise their patience while awaiting Tiepolo's arrival.

Left alone, my uncle and Cornelius exchanged looks much more expressive than any amount of words.

"Here we are, in a pretty fix," said my uncle, taking rapid strides. "Why on earth was I stupid enough to listen to this mad-brained Cornelius? See what his ruins and his sunsets have brought me to. . . . A brigand's cave! . . . At the mercy of men without either creed or law, who, should the fancy take them, may kill me at dessert over their biscuits and wine. . . . And all this to see Capua and its beauties—that is to say, three blank walls with some briars and lizards! But speak, wretched individual," cried my uncle, interrupting his monologue to apostrophise his nephew. "tell me that we incur no danger—that these bandits will take pity on us, and be content with spoil alone?"

"I do not simply say it, but I believe it," replied Cornelius, entirely absorbed in the examination of a fresco decorating the wall. "And Italy is extolled," murmured my uncle, continuing his feverish promenade, "what a mockery!—a country in which it is impossible to take ten steps without meeting with a ruin and twenty without falling into the clutches of a bandit. . . . The Neapolitan gendarmes exist, then, only in the imagination?"

"They exist in reality, Signor Cavaliere," suddenly said a voice in my uncle's ears; "they exist, but they fear Tiepolo more than Tiepolo fears them. You wished to see me; I am here!"

My uncle and Cornelius turned round; a simultaneous cry came from their lips—a cry of astonishment and stupefaction.

In Tiepolo, the bandit chief, they had recognised Beppo, the son of Teresita.

The surprise of the latter was not less great than theirs, on perceiving them. He became pale, hesitated for a moment, but, soon recovering himself, advanced, smilingly:—

"Notwithstanding my costume," said he, "it would be useless to attempt dissimulation; your exclamations prove that I am recognised, and, though your presence here annoys me, I do not less esteem the pleasure of receiving you, Signori. My mother's guests may sleep in safety beneath my roof, their persons and their property are sacred."

A rapturous expression overspread my uncle's countenance; the excellent man was enchanted to see his adventure take this unhoped-for turn.

"The deuce!" cried Cornelius; "I little thought of such a meeting."

"Life is full of strange events," said Tiepolo, "and man should be prepared for all."

"So that," continued my uncle, who wished to bring matters to an issue, "we have absolutely nothing to fear?"

"Absolutely nothing; at least, unless—"

"Unless?" quickly asked my uncle.

"Unless," replied Tiepolo, "you should have a desire to divulge the secret of our interview."

"On that point," cried my uncle, "I will be as silent as a spiked gun."

"You may rely upon our discretion," said Cornelius.

"Then nothing could be better; and, if you will allow me to suggest," added Tiepolo, gaily, "we will to table and finish our conversation there. I was about seating myself when warned of your arrival."

The hour was too late to think of gaining Caserta, and arrangements were made to delay the journey till the morrow.

Matters being thus settled, Tiepolo conducted his guests to an upper story.

A brilliantly-illuminated room burst on my uncle's astonished gaze, who, from one surprise to another, began to think himself the hero of an "Arabian Nights" tale.

A sumptuously-covered table filled the centre of the apartment—all that comfort, elegance, and wealth could conceive was there in profusion. Damask cloths, a handsomely-chased silver service, Bohemian ornamented glass, porcelain of Dresden and China—nothing was wanting. Each country was represented by some of its finest productions. A magnificent lustre of gilt bronze threw the light of its numerous tapers over this collection of splendour, the warm rays from which increased twofold the richness of the scene. Cornelius admired as a connoisseur; my uncle was transported beyond measure.

At the invitation of Tiepolo they seated themselves, and Cornelius found himself opposite his mysterious companion of the mountain, one of the principal personages of the band. This man had received a superior education; but indulgence in all kinds of excesses had led him, step by step, to make war on the society that had cast him forth; but, notwithstanding this downfall and his present abject position, he had preserved that native distinction of manner which never entirely abandons a man of the world. Here was the secret, then, of his great knowledge of painting, which had so puzzled Cornelius.

One thing was certain, that while the brigand gave to Cornelius this information concerning himself, our two travellers showed proofs of having remarkably good appetites. The dishes, besides, were most excellent and the wines of the first quality.

After the second course, the conversation became general. Cornelius addressed himself to Tiepolo's lieutenant, and my uncle, with the beatitude of an epicurean relishing a good supper, in the first place felicitated the bandit chief on the excellence of his table, and then inquired what reasons had induced him to adopt a mode of life so dangerous and at the same time so reprehensible.

At this question, Tiepolo knit his brows. My uncle, who was deep in his cups, did not perceive this circumstance, and, heedless of Tiepolo's silence, returned obstinately to the charge.

"Of what import are the motives?" Tiepolo at length said; "they will not lessen in your eyes the heinousness of my crime."

"A sincere repentance wipes out many faults," replied my uncle, not thinking of what he was saying.

"Repentance!" cried Tiepolo. "A fine invention, indeed; would repentance save me from paying with my head for a past career like mine? Go to, go to, Signor; when, like me, one is on a fatal declivity, the end must be gone to; to retrace one's steps is impossible. One may well see the abyss before them, it cannot be avoided. Come, another glass of this old marsala, Signor; I drink to your health."

"And I to yours," said my uncle, draining his glass, which he with difficulty replaced in an upright position.

"Look you, Signor," continued Tiepolo, "I am far from being positively evil; I have even, in the main, many good sentiments."

"Very good sentiments and first-rate wine," said my uncle, beginning to feel the effects of the marsala.

"Yes, good sentiments; but besides them, Signor, are some of those terrible and inexplicable instincts, which, like a torrent bursting from its bed, and which nothing can resist, urge one forward. This is the weak and pernicious side of human nature, and each of us, more or less, influenced by it."

"Perfectly argued," murmured my uncle.

"Will you permit me to confide one thing to you?" continued Tiepolo.

"Faith, I see no objection," said my uncle.

"Well then," continued the bandit, "I believe in fatality."

"I the same," stammered my uncle; "I believe in it; Cornelius also; we all believe in it. . . . Another drop of this divine liquor. . . . You call it?"

"Marsala."

"Hurrah for marsala! . . . It is soothing . . . it is inoffensive . . . it is everything that's good . . . real bottled happiness. . . . But proceed, my friend; you were at . . . I think, fatality."

"Yes," continued Tiepolo, not noticing the extreme difficulty my uncle had in expressing himself, "I believe in a mysterious law which, turn by turn, directs our actions to good and evil. We are mere instruments acting at the instigation of this hidden force, and impelled onwards for a purpose that our intelligence is powerless to discover. Is not this, in your opinion, the best definition that can be given of life?"

"Yours is a charming one!" replied my uncle, who had only caught the last word of his interlocutor's sentence. . . . "yes, truly, a charming one."

Tiepolo smiled; and then, for the first time, perceived the state his guest was in.

"Well," said he to him, "since the life pleases you, why not engage yourself in my band?"

"Engage myself . . . Why should not I? . . . That's an idea, that. . . . I say, Cornelius, do you feel any inclination for the profession of a brigand?"

Cornelius, somewhat calmer than my uncle, looked at him in amazement. A glance sufficed to make him comprehend the reason of this strange inquiry.

"Listen, Cornelius," continued my uncle, "life is sweet here . . . and the wine is excellent," he added, with moving tenderness; "become a bandit. . . . I will make no opposition. . . . No, upon my honour, I give you leave."

The three convives burst into a fit of laughter, but at the same moment a violent detonation, followed by a loud noise from without, shook the windows of the room. Tiepolo and his acolyte rose hastily, and disappeared in a way that left Cornelius ignorant of the manner of their flight.

My uncle had suddenly recovered his reason; as to Cornelius, he could not help feeling a certain misgiving. As he was about rising from the table, the door opened with a crash, and a stern voice cried:

"Down with your arms, rascals, or you are dead men!"

My uncle quickly cast away the fork he held.

"Treason!" he murmured.

"That wretch Tiepolo!" cried Cornelius.

But what was their surprise to find themselves in custody of a detachment of Neapolitan dragoons! They immediately protested their innocence, and were about producing their passports, when the chief of the secret police, who directed the expedition, caused them to be tightly bound and thrown on some straw in the bottom of a rickety cart. They exclaimed against such barbarous treatment, but their expostulations bringing only cuffs and blows from the butt-ends of muskets, they wisely remained silent and resigned themselves to fate.

The brigand's haunt was minutely searched, but the entire band had disappeared. After having ascertained this fact, the old castle was set on fire and the signal for departure given.

Thus, the result of the expedition was confined to the capture of Cornelius and my uncle. It is true that the chief of the police, having found his two prisoners seated at a splendid banquet, logically concluded he had set hands on Tiepolo and his lieutenant. What signified to him where the remainder of the troop had gone, holding, as he did, in secure custody, its head and right hand? Deprived of those that formed their strength, the bandits would ere long be either dispersed or captured; quiet would be restored to the province for the future, a perfect security would surround inhabitants and travellers alike, and all this from his courage, his audacity, and his ability.

Such were the thoughts that occupied the mind of the worthy chief of the sbirri while traversing the mountain defiles.

With regard to my uncle and Cornelius, the incidents of this drama had succeeded each other so rapidly that they both thought they were under the influence of some horrible dream. My uncle weighed within him all that had passed since the previous day and preserved a sullen silence; Cornelius had lost his gaiety—he was restless and anxious.

They marched the whole of the night, and when day dawned the outskirts of Naples could be seen in the distance. In the mean time the news of the important capture that had been made spread like wildfire. People flocked towards them from all directions. Men, women, and children wished to see and insult the bandit chief, who, after having for so long a period braved the efforts of the police, had at last allowed himself to be disgracefully captured in his own stronghold.

As long as they were without the gates of Naples, these isolated manifestations had not an alarming character; but, arrived in the suburbs, the two prisoners perceived the crowd each moment become greater, and, at the same time, assume a threatening attitude.

"Look at the wretches!" exclaimed a voice, "they are as calm as if their consciences were free from crime."

"They appear to brave us!" added a second voice. My uncle brave the crowd!

"Which is Tiepolo?" asked one.

"The oldest," replied another.

"I thought as much, from his repulsive expression," continued the first speaker.

"Yes, yes! death to Tiepolo!" shouted a group of lazzaroni following the cortège.

"Yes, yes! death to them!" roared the crowd, pressing round the prisoners and their guards.

My uncle felt his last moment had come. Cornelius was frightfully pale; the imminent peril of their position, however, aroused his energies. He raised himself slightly, and addressing the chief of the police,

"Listen to me, Sir," he said with dignity; "I would once more protest against this treatment. Our costume, our language, and the documents we possess all indicate that we are foreigners, that we are travellers."

"I'm up to that trick," replied the official.

"But, at least," continued Cornelius, "you ought to have a description of Tiepolo, it is impossible that it can agree with our appearance."

The Neapolitan, who made no reply, seemed uneasy.

"Finally," added Cornelius in higher tones, "I hold you responsible, Sir, for the strange manner in which you have executed your warrant. Whatever may occur I promise you, Sir, that the French Ambassador will exact proper reparation for the ignominious insult to which two of his countrymen are now being subjected. In an hour hence we will see if you have the right to expose innocent persons to the danger of death. You may now do as you please, I have warned you."

The firm and decided manner in which Cornelius pronounced these words shook the confidence of the chief of the police; another matter also struck him. In truth, the description of Tiepolo was far from agreeing with the appearance of either of the prisoners. This last circumstance, above all, considerably perplexed him.

"However it may be, Signor," he said to Cornelius, "my duty compelled me to arrest you. I will accomplish my mission by placing you in the hands of the authorities; they will appreciate your proofs." Then, heading his troop that advanced through the crowd with difficulty,

"Give way, my friends!" he cried to the people. "Justice belongs to the King, let the prisoners remain unmolested."

"To death with them! . . . To death with them!" the crowd continued to vociferate.

They were now in the centre of the town, and the cries and tumult increased at each step. All at once a man of herculean form turned towards the chief of the police.

"The prisoners belong to the people," cried he, in stentorian tones. "It is for those who have been their victims to be revenged on them!"

"Yes, yes!" the crowd roared, looking forward to a drama.

"To death with the bandits! Let us have no trial! To death with them!"

The dragoons could no longer make head. The chief of the police sent in all haste for a reinforcement, and in the mean time ordered the soldiers to close their ranks; but the horses, pressed upon by the mob, became restive. One of them made a gap which a man of the people was not slow to profit by. Seizing the horse by the bridle and drawing it towards him, he thus created an opening through which the crowd might easily reach the cart.

The mob understood the intention and broke into the circle, but was held in check by the swords of the military.

This critical position could not last long. Missiles of every description already rained on the prisoners, when the street pavement resounded beneath the gallop of a charge of cavalry. A squadron of dragoons were coming up at full speed. It required nothing less than this vigorous proceeding to liberate the small troop of the chief of the police. The populace, not caring to engage in a collision with the Royal troops, mutteringly withdrew, without opposing a serious resistance. A quarter of an hour later my uncle and Cornelius were lodged in the city prison.

They were immediately examined, and found no great difficulty in establishing their identity and explaining their presence at Tiepolo's table. Terrified at this blunder, the officer of justice hastened to set them at liberty, begging that they would accept his excuses. The unfortunate chief of the police was forced to wait on them personally and humbly crave forgiveness for the mistake he had made, after which he was presented with his order of dismissal.

Touched by the real or assumed repentance of the poor fellow, my uncle and Cornelius interceded for him, and with difficulty got him reinstated.

After these interesting adventures my uncle found himself sufficiently edified concerning the wonders of ancient and modern Italy, and his first care on quitting the prison was to bespeak a berth on board a vessel bound for Marseilles, where he arrived in safety. He wept on seeing his home, and solemnly swore that for the future no one should induce him to wander in search of ruins, however classic they might chance to be.

Cornelius returned to Rome, enchanted with his travelling impressions. As for Tiepolo, he disappeared, and from that time no more was heard of him. The people of Naples persisted for a long period in thinking that my uncle was undoubtedly the real Tiepolo, the famous bandit chief, but that, thanks to his great riches, he had been able to bribe his judges and quit the country. Whatever had become of Tiepolo, certain it is that my uncle, six months afterwards, received from Italy fifty bottles of the marsala that had caused him on a certain occasion to find the profession of a bandit so agreeable to his mind.

This present formed by far the most agreeable souvenir of the journey of my estimable relative to Naples.

DEATH OF DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.

THE world of art has been deprived, by an unlooked-for visitation, of one of its brightest ornaments. Mr. David Roberts, R.A., was seized with an apoplectic attack on Friday afternoon week, while walking in Berners-street, Oxford-street, and, after being perfectly insensible for a brief period after his removal to his own house expired about seven o'clock in the evening. The loss of this distinguished artist is undoubtedly one of the heaviest of those which have marked the present year.

David Roberts was born of poor parents in Edinburgh, in 1796. In his native city he was apprenticed to a house-painter, but his genius and industry soon raised him above this calling, and he became favourably known to his fellow-townsmen as a scene-painter. He came to London and, we believe, was employed as scene-painter at the Surrey Theatre, until the late Mr. Bunn saw his abilities and gave him an engagement at Drury Lane, where he worked for some years with increasing popularity in conjunction with Mr. Clarkson Stanfield.

Roberts's first celebrated picture was "The Departure of the Israelites from Egypt," engraved by Quilley. This appeared nearly forty years ago; and then followed, for four years running, "The Landscape Annual," with something like five-and-thirty drawings to each volume. His "Spain" appeared in 1835, consisting of twenty-six plates, imitations of his drawings made on the spot, with the tints just then invented. The next year he published his first architectural painting, the large upright "interior" of Seville Cathedral; and about the same time an "exterior," the Giralda Tower of Seville.

The splendid work in four volumes folio, "The Holy Land," which was undertaken for Sir F. G. Moon, is that by which Mr. Roberts will be most widely known. He had been travelling for some time in the Holy Land, Egypt, and Nubia, and between 1838 and 1840 he gave to the world these magnificent plates, which had the advantage of Dr. Croly's eloquence and gorgeous imagery for the descriptions. The "Holy Places" were objects of special admiration; and of the views in Egypt the "Simoom" was, perhaps, the most remarkable. It was in November, 1838, that he was elected R.A., and it may be observed that both he and Mr. Stanfield were original members of the Suffolk-street Gallery; but, acting on the hints of admiring friends, resigned their membership, paying the fine stipulated by the regulations of the society, in order to exhibit at the Royal Academy. Mr. Roberts's first Academy picture, by-the-way, was a "View of Rouen Cathedral" (1826). After the publication of "The Holy Land," the artist, now rising rapidly in fame and position, visited Venice and Milan, and produced on his return some wonderful "interiors" for the Royal Academy. In February, 1841, he was elected R.A.

There is no necessity to enumerate Mr. Roberts's pictures in succession. His "interiors" and "exteriors" were far superior to anything of the kind since the days of Canaletti. His old business of scene-painting gave him facility and rapidity of outline, and made these pictures so wonderfully artistic. Several of his pictures are in the Vernon and Sheepshanks Collections at South Kensington. One of his best works, however, has a curious history. It was the property of Mr. Hall-Standish, of Eshe Hall, Durham, who, piqued at being refused a baronetcy by Lord Melbourne, left all his splendid collection to King Louis Philippe, and this picture was one of the gems of the Louvre. The Emperor Napoleon III. restored this collection to the Orleans family, as being the King's private property, and this picture returned to England and was sold at Christie's to an English gentleman. Among recent pictures of his may be noted "Sta. Maria della Salute," at Venice, built by Baldassare Longhena in commemoration of the pestilence of 1632, in which 60,000 persons perished. This appeared in 1860; last year he was chiefly occupied on views of London on the Thames, eight or nine in number, painted for Mr. C. Lucas, the contractor, and this year two works of his figured on the walls of the Royal Academy, the "Chapel in the Church at Dixmude, West Flanders," and the "Mausoleum of Augustus (the Castle of St. Angelo), from the gardens of the Villa Barberini at Rome"—the most remarkable monument on the Campus Martius.

Very few of his works were engraved on separate plates. One pair, however, "St. Paul's and the Lord Mayor's Procession," were executed in line engraving. He did a few painter's etchings on copper—views in Scotland, etched by himself; but these were never published.

Mr. Roberts was a pleasant and genial companion, emphatically a "clubbable" man. Many stories are told of his liberality to his less fortunate brethren of the easel, and he was to the last, we believe, president of the Artists' General Benevolent Fund.

Personally, Mr. Roberts looked the image of a country farmer in fact, it is known that he sat, or rather stood, to Sir Edwin Landseer for the model of the farmer in "The Dialogue at Waterloo."

Mr. Roberts married early in life. His wife, a person of singular beauty, though of humble birth, was the model of Mary Queen of Scots in Sir William Allan's famous picture of that unfortunate Queen landing at Leith. He leaves only one daughter, who married, last year, the son of Mr. E. Bicknell, the great collector, whose pictures were sold at Christie's last year.



A MEXICAN SERENADE GIVEN BY THE POPULATION OF LAGOS TO THE OFFICERS OF THE FRENCH TROOPS OCCUPYING THE CITY.

THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

ADVICES continue to be received from Mexico announcing the gradual and apparently certain establishment of the new empire. The Juarist leaders have been rapidly making submission and giving in their adherence to the new condition of things, and the recent journey of the Emperor Maximilian was attended with much enthusiasm on the part of the people. A great impression had been created by the capture of Matamoras. The great body of the Juarist troops had revolted and been disbanded, leaving only one hundred cavalry with the ex-President, who, after the fight of the 21st of September, had fled towards Chihuahua.

Singularly enough, the people of the city of Mexico have been discontented at the Emperor's absence, and at one time began to complain of the want of more decided action—a remarkable phase of opinion amongst a people who are certainly not the least apathetic in the world, and who spend a good part of their time in a lethargic indolence altogether suggestive of indifference to public affairs. The fact is, however, that the Mexicans, who have always lived under a military despotism, have been accustomed to see each succeeding President as he entered the palace shower forth decrees innumerable. *Carpe diem* was necessarily his motto; for, if he did not at once avail himself of the opportunity, it was pretty certain that a couple of months would see him kicked out, and then all chance of making a fortune for himself and friends was lost for ever.

There had never been any unity of action in developing the resources of the country. Each capitalist worked for himself. Such a thing as a company being formed to carry out some great public work has never been heard of. Every man distrusted his neighbour. So long as this state of things existed no good was to be expected. It is satisfactory, therefore, to find that a railroad is being formed to connect Mexico with Chalco, a distance of sixteen leagues; that several applications have been made for shares in the Vera Cruz line; that companies are being formed for sanitary purposes; and that, in fact, a spirit of association is beginning to show itself.

However, the Mexicans have, amidst all the confusion and difficulty attending an altered Government and Constitution, been subject to the visitation of an enemy to whose destructive presence no resistance could be offered. On the 3rd of October the shock of an earthquake, which had travelled from south-east to north-west, was felt at Mexico, and lasted violently for about thirty seconds, although no such serious damage was done as at other parts of the empire. In Puebla the tower of the Church of San Augustin, a part of the Convent of San Juan de Dios, and several houses were shaken down, and, what is still more to be lamented, thirty persons were either killed or wounded. In Tehuacan the wall of the Convent del Carmen was shaken to its very foundation, and the church is in ruins. The hospital of San Juan de Dios and its church suffered severely, and almost every house is in such a state that, had the shock lasted a second or two longer, the town must have been destroyed, and

with it the greater portion of its inhabitants. The towns of Coscatlan, Teotitlan del Camino, Zapatlan, San Andres Chalchicamula, and the surrounding *pueblos*, were likewise very severely handled. Orizaba is also said to have suffered much, although no lives were lost. The city of Mexico fortunately escaped with a good shaking; no damage of consequence being done. This is the most severe shock that has been felt since June, 1858; and it is to be hoped that many years will elapse before such another may be experienced.

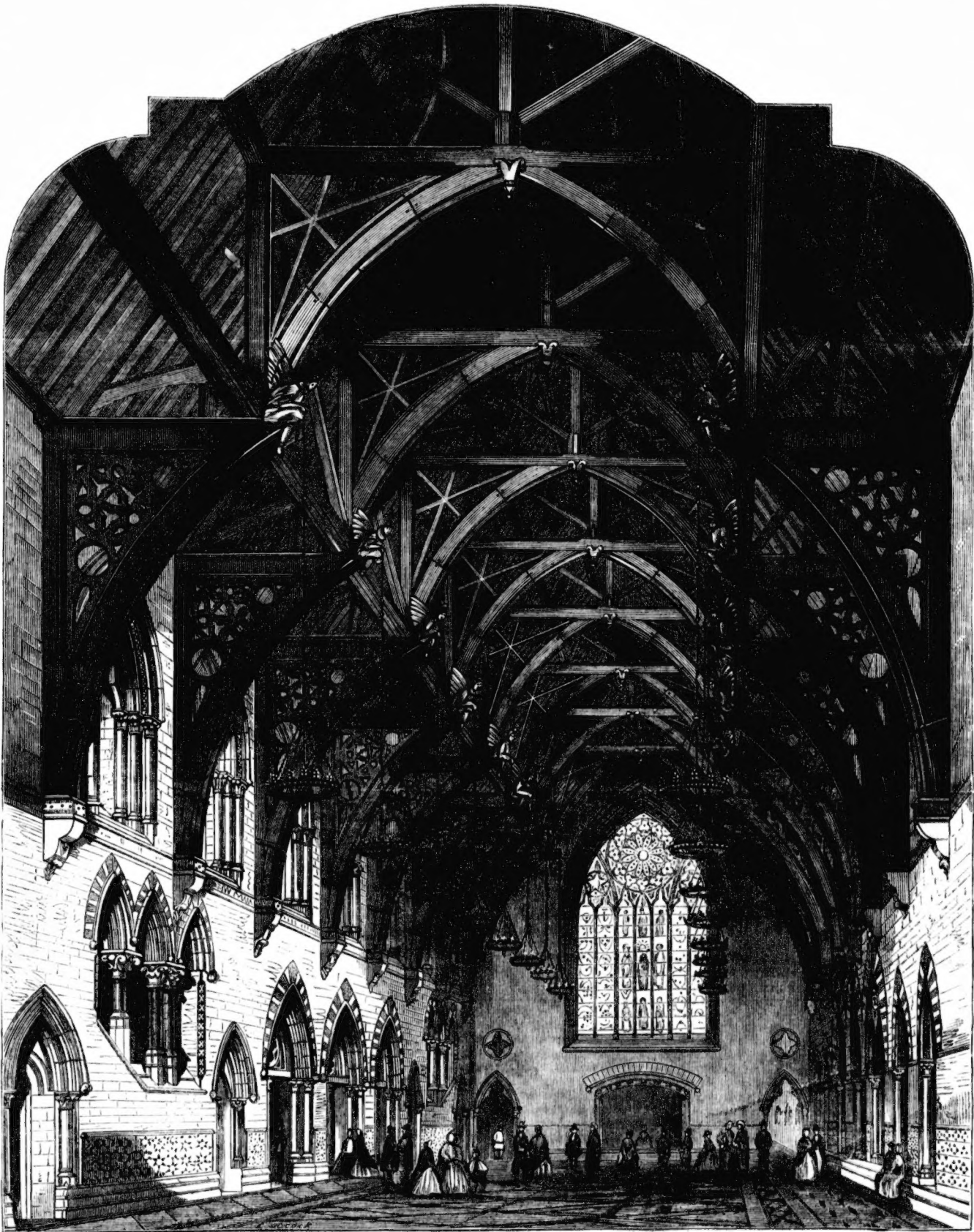
Our Engraving represents one of the pleasantest episodes of the history of the French occupation, in a scene which occurred at the town of Lagos, on the occasion of the Emperor's fête day. Lagos is a place of comparatively small importance; but it has for some time been garrisoned by the 99th Regiment of the Line, and the officers of this regiment determined to mark the Imperial fête day by inviting the principal inhabitants of the town to a ball, and thereby to celebrate the occasion with all possible pomp, and at the same time make some fitting return to the people amongst whom they sojourned, for the "charming" reception with which they had been welcomed. The invitations found the families to whom they were sent so thoroughly prepared to accept them that the entire affair went off with the most brilliant success and with a delightfully cordial agreement amongst all parties concerned.

It was not until the ball was over, however, that the great event of the night took place; for a number of young men belonging to the best families in the district had determined to mark their appreciation of the hospitality of the French officers by giving them a "gallo," or, in other words, a combined serenade, for which

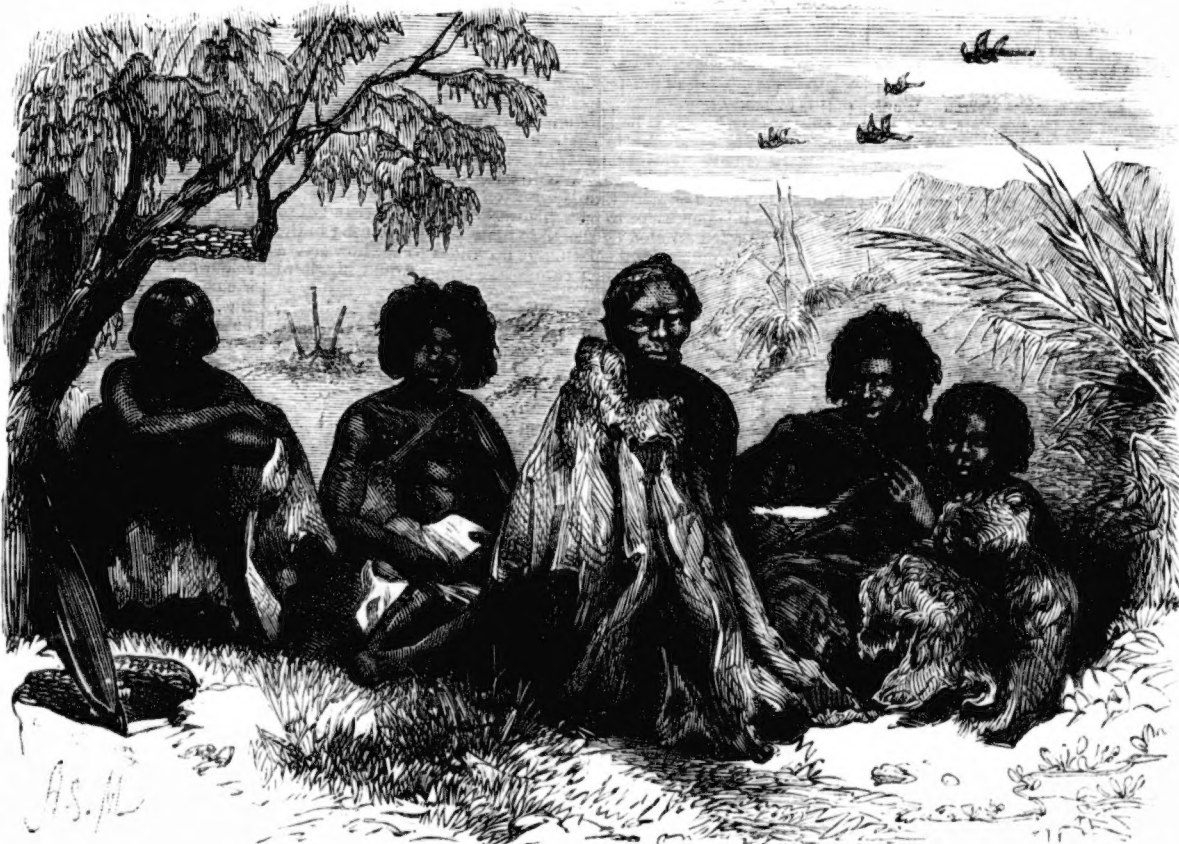
purpose they were drawn by six mules in a picturesque car, decorated with flags and flowers, to the street which was overlooked by the balcony of the house where the ball had been held, and there, amidst an admiring crowd, performed a selection of music upon Mexican instruments, which made up a most effective band, and terminated the proceedings by repeated cheers in honour of France, the Emperor, and the army. This is amongst the latest news received through the Mexican correspondence; but, since it would seem that nothing can be going on in any quarter of the globe without some British association, the latest piece of news in connection with the new empire is, that Messrs. Pothonier and Co., shipbrokers, of Liverpool, have chartered for the Mexican Government three fine steamers—the Bolivian, the Peruvian, and the Brazilian, each of 2000 tons burden and 600-horse power—for the purpose of conveying the recently-formed contingent of Austrian and Belgian troops raised for the service of the new Emperor of Mexico, to that empire. Each of these steamers has been fitted up to convey about 1000 men.

NATIVES OF SWAN RIVER.

Our Engraving of some Swan River natives is from a photograph by Moreton Phillips, from drawings by F. Macken, Esq.



THE NEW ASSIZE COURTS, MANCHESTER: INTERIOR OF THE GREAT HALL.



NATIVES OF SWAN RIVER, AUSTRALIA.

In the centre of the group squats the lord of the creation, surrounded by his three wives or "gins," as they are called, two of whom have borne him "piccaninnies," or children. A small face may be seen peering out from under the arm of one of the women, who have taken a lesson from the marsupial animals and carry their offspring in a pouch, like the kangaroo. In the remote parts of the continent the kangaroo still serves as "food and raiment;" but as the white man advances, the savage and the kangaroo die out, and, a few years hence, will doubtless become extinct.

The aim of the Australian native's life is to procure a pair of trousers and a shirt, and to get a silver sixpence to put into the pocket. This object attained, the poor savage's days are numbered. He flings aside with disdain his boucra of kangaroo skin and dons whatever portion of modern clothing, or, more frequently rags, he can lay his hands on. The result is that consumption marks him for its own, and the fiery rum soon completes the ruin which disease has begun. Nevertheless, he dies happily; for his belief is that he goes into the ground poor black fellow, but comes up big white fellow with plenty sixpenny.

Beyond the outlying settlements, however, the aboriginal still holds his own, and the settlers have at times serious encounters with the blacks, who come in to spear their cattle. Every settler has a staff of natives attached to his station, who act as stockmen and guides in the bush, and who shoot down with great gusto any of their dark brethren who may interfere with their master's property. The Government also employ native police, of whom the convicts have a wholesome dread. The Australian aboriginal uses his spear with marvellous dexterity—a kangaroo at 60 yards, or an opossum at 30 yards, has but a poor chance of escape, and with his cayley, or boomerang, he can bring down a bird on the wing. Their war-spear is a terrible weapon, barbed and jagged with sharp pieces of flint, and sometimes sharks' teeth, let in near the point. It inflicts a frightful wound, as it is impossible to extract it without lacerating the flesh in a dreadful manner; indeed, the plan they adopt, if the spear has but partly traversed a limb, is to break it off short, and with their waddy or club drive it right through, and pull it out on the other side. The wammery, or shield, is their only defence; and although it is but 5 in. in diameter, they ward off the spears with surprising dexterity.

Swan River was so called from the number of wild swans found there when it was first discovered. Miss Jane Roberts, in her "Two Years at Sea," writes—"Birds of every kind had been frightened away from Fremantle, off which we anchored; but at the port they had explored, a little more to the southward, a settler said he should never forget the sight: there were thousands and tens of thousands of black swans, which, as his party coasted the shore, rose and darkened the air for a distance of eight or ten miles. The town of Fremantle consisted at that time of well-erected tents and wooden houses near the shore."

This was written thirty-six years ago. Since then the black swan has become scarce, and you must go far beyond Fremantle now to see an aboriginal in all his grandeur.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

MR. HATTON's opera, entitled "Rose; or, Love's Ransom" (which might just as well have been called "Love; or, Rose's Ransom," or "The Ransom; or, Rose's Love"), was brought out on Saturday, with Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Poole, Mme. Weiss, Mr. Perren, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Corri in the principal parts. The story of the piece is substantially the same as that of "Le Val d'Andorre," already made familiar to the English public by three or four translations and adaptations. The interest is centred in a peasant girl named Rose, who, to save her lover, one Stephen, a chamois-hunter, from being taken as a recruit, borrows, without permission, from the mistress of a farm (Theresa) enough money to set him free. She has done this under the belief that she will be able to replace the borrowed money from a sum which her guardian, old Jacques, has promised to give her by way of dowry. But the old man has had the money stolen from him, and thus Rose herself is placed in the position of a thief. We cannot attempt to give a full account of an opera, in which there are altogether some twenty pieces of music; we cannot even perform such a task in connection with the first act—which contains an opening chorus; a short solo for a village coquette, named Georgette (Mme. Weiss); a comic song for a poltroon, named Blancbec (Mr. Corri), who hesitates whether he shall marry and escape the conscription, or enter the army and escape marriage; a scena for an eccentric old vagrant, named Jacques (Mr. Weiss), who has constituted himself Rose's guardian; a quartet, in several movements; an air, with chorus, for a recruiting officer (Mr. Aynsley Cook) and his men; a ballad for Theresa (Miss Poole); and a dramatic scena for Stephen (Mr. Perren), sung by the unfortunate man just after a fatal number has fallen to his lot.

In "Le Val d'Andorre" the lots are drawn on the stage, and the situation is so favourable to dramatic effect that it seems strange Mr. Hatton and his librettist should not have preserved it. It is an English, and not a French, rule to exhibit as much of the action of a drama as possible on the stage; and yet this rule is observed in "Le Val d'Andorre," and is disregarded in "Love's Ransom." There is, however—or rather, there was at one time—a sufficient musical reason for the change. Mr. Hatton intended the part of Stephen for Mr. Sims Reeves, and wished to give him a scena to himself at the end of the first act. For the sake of this scena it was necessary to remodel the latter portion of the first act so as to get the stage clear for the entrance and solo performance of the great tenor. When the great tenor's part was finished, and everything had been sacrificed to it (except the part of the heroine), the great tenor was engaged at the wrong theatre, and the scena, written specially for him, had to be intrusted to Mr. George Perren. What is moderately effective in the mouth of Mr. George Perren, would have been very effective indeed in the mouth of Mr. Sims Reeves.

The scena in question is in three movements, or rather in two—an andante and an allegro, with accompanied recitative between, and the last movement imposes rather a severe tax on the energies of the singer. Not that the air itself is difficult to sing, but the horns and other wind instruments employed in the accompaniment are played with so much effect that it is by no means easy for Mr. Perren (whose voice, according to the epigrammatic rhymester of the *Musical World*, is "as thin as a herring") to make himself heard above the orchestral crash. A sort of duel takes place between Mr. Perren and the band, in which numbers and force are on the side of the latter. The singer, nevertheless, succeeds in transmitting his notes beyond the orchestra—an excellent orchestra, by-the-way, but, like most orchestras that have achieved a certain reputation, too loud and too independent of the singers. For this fault Mr. Costa (who, in one respect, perhaps the most important respect of all, is the worst conductor of the day) must, no doubt, be held answerable. It is he who, in very sense of the word, gives the tone to the Covent Garden band—whether directly to the full band of the Italian, or indirectly to the restricted band of the English, opera season; and it is he who has accustomed the Covent Garden musicians to play their loudest, and to do their worst in the way of drowning the singers' voices. A Humane Society of critics should be formed to save them while there is yet time.

The overture to the new opera has, by-the-way, full justice done to it by the orchestra, which, as every one knows who has heard it, is a good orchestra; only it is, now and then, too zealous.

The second act opens with a chorus ("Drink to the man of peace, His pleasures shall increase," &c.) in which the villagers, in the style of the commercial and peace-at-all-prices politicians of the present day, celebrate the prudential virtues of the coward, Blancbec. A part-song follows. Here the hard nature of married life is represented in comparatively lively music to poor Georgette, who has just been entrapped into matrimony. The other most remarkable pieces in this act are the scena for Rose, in which, after transferring the money required for Stephen's ransom from Theresa's drawer to the pocket of the recruiting sergeant, she falls into a state of despair at the thought of what she has done; and the finale, which is constructed after the grand dramatic pattern, is the most carefully wrought-up

piece in the opera. The situation on which it is based is one that is presented often enough at the end of an operatic second act, the best known and most successful example occurring perhaps at the end of the second act of "La Sonnambula." The heroine's lover appeals to her; her rival taunts and upbraids her; the chorus (with the fickleness so characteristic of popular bodies) alternately attacks and defends her; while the heroine herself deals largely in exclamations, which, though uttered in a voice of lamentation and contrition, would, if taken down as evidence, scarcely tell to her advantage.

The third act commences with a conventional ballad for Mr. Weiss—subject, the misery of human life and the futility of human expectations; the words kindly contributed by Montem Smith, Esq. Now, miserable as human life may be (it has its delightful moments nevertheless, for those who know how to profit by them), we can think of nothing in existence much sadder than a ballad on the subject, written in common time, for the baritone or bass, with the ordinary number of crotchets, dotted crotchets, and quavers, and sung by Mr. Weiss. The first night, however, some unhappy men were thrown by Mr. Weiss's lamentation into such a sympathetic mood that they wished it to be repeated, and would not be consoled until the second verse was sung again.

The real business of the third act commences with a ballad for Stephen, which is based, not upon an abstract proposition, but upon his actual situation in the drama. The melody of this ballad is simple, striking, and sure to become popular; but it is not remarkable for refinement. Mr. Perren is encased in it every night. In a very different style is the air ("O Blessed Sleep") sung immediately afterwards by Rose, who is now in the depth of despair. This song of sleep and dreams, with its elaborate accompaniment, is one of the most beautiful things in the opera, and Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington sings it to perfection. A duet follows, for Rose and Stephen, also a charming composition. After the duet comes a trio (in two movements), for Rose, Stephen, and Jacques; at the end of which a project of escape is brought forward; but, of course, not until it is already too late to put it in execution. The officers of justice enter (the administrative and executive power being apparently in the same hands) and take part with the principal characters and the chorus in a grand concerted piece, in the midst of which it is demonstrated that Jacques has been robbed; indeed, the thief is caught with Jacques's money upon him. Now, if Jacques had not been robbed Rose would have been able to replace the sum which she had borrowed for a moment without permission from Theresa; and the seizure of the robber with Jacques's money upon him places Jacques, Rose, Theresa, and every one else (except the robber) in the same position as if no illegal act had been committed at all. The robber being a dumb personage, who does not appear on the stage, no one cares what becomes of him; but all goes well with the singing characters. Theresa regrets that in a moment of jealousy she should have sought to injure Rose, and withdraws the charge she had made against her. Finally, the usual marriage is arranged between the soprano and the tenor, and the same chorus which has been heard at the beginning of the work brings it to a conclusion.

Mr. Hatton's opera is thoroughly successful. The first night half a dozen pieces were encored; and, counting some of the pieces that had to be repeated and others that passed almost without notice, the opera certainly contains a very large proportion of excellent music.

FINE ARTS.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AT THE OLD WATER-COLOUR GALLERY.

THERE are few things more interesting than a collection of artists' studies. We are, as it were, listening to a composer when, as Lowell describes, he

Beginning fitfully and far away
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
To build a bridge from dreamland for his lay.

It is like having the rough manuscript of a poem before us. To the real lover of art these revelations of the painter's first conceptions are really valuable; but even to the uninitiated they are a treat; for we have all much of the nature of the young philosopher who cut up the bellows to see where the wind came from.

With but two exceptions, all the members and associates of the society have contributed to this exhibition—some of them largely, others enough for their reputation, but not for our desires. Of these latter we may mention Mr. Frederick Walker, who has only two pictures on the screens. They are both studies for illustrations to that immortal fragment left by an immortal genius—"Denis Duval." That story, we may mention, earns a further interest from the fact that it will probably contain the last series of illustrations from Mr. Walker's pencil, he having, we understand, come to the determination of abandoning drawing on wood. One of the studies in the gallery—No. 420—has been engraved, and bore, we believe, the title of "Denny's Valet." The mother is engaged in dressing the lad's hair when he is on the point of leaving home to join his ship. The woman's face is very fine, and the pose of Denny's figure easy and graceful. But the other picture, No. 401, which was not put on the wood, is still more exquisite. A postman at the gate of a little garden is handing in a letter to a servant-girl. The whole is pervaded by an air of nature and reality, and yet is far from "the commonplace." The painting of the little grass plot, with the bed of bright flowers, is capital.

Mr. Burton sends several pictures of great merit. They are very varied in selection of subject and mode of treatment, but all rise to one sustained degree of excellence. "At Schwatz, in the Inn Valley" (14), is full of fine passages boldly treated; a head in chalk (22) is masterly in execution, spirited, and lifelike; a "Castle Gate in Oberfranken" (218) is broadly and most effectively treated; and several frames of studies in chalk contain invaluable notes, and should be closely inspected by young artists, to whom they may furnish lessons of great worth. We do not generally notice flower-subjects, but when an artist like Mr. Burton chooses to try his hand in that line it is impossible to pass his work by. No one can fail to have his attention arrested by the vivid little bit of colouring in the larkspurs (419) on the third screen. It is curious to see how such a master puts before us with such ease what others would nigger at ineffectually for ever.

From Mr. Birket Foster—who, like Mr. Walker, has laid aside the tools of the wood-draughtsman—we have several gems. He has so thorough a feeling for all that is beautiful and pleasant that the merest sketch creates an unexplainable delight in the mind. "Haslemere" (291) is the most important of his contributions—a very poetical and charming picture. But there are passages of exceeding beauty among the smaller sketches (268, 424, 446), and in one particularly (371), a little snatch of nature from Hampstead Heath, that abounds in good points. A "Study of Ferns" (374) on a roadside bank is a lovely little picture.

The best specimen of Mr. Gilbert's style is the scene from "Henry the Eighth" (460) where Buckingham and Wolsey exchange looks of hate and defiance. "The Miraculous Cure of Simpcocx," in No. 398, is also an exceedingly clever composition. Its companion, "The Convent Window," is less to our liking. No. 232, containing a subject from "Don Quixote" and a sketch for one of Mr. Gilbert's series of illustrations to "The Old English Gentleman," present all the merits, with a few of the mannerisms, of this facile and prolific artist. It is some comfort to think that his success as a colourist is not so remarkable as to suggest a likelihood of our losing in the painter one of the most effective draughtsmen of the day.

One of the largest contributors to the present exhibition is Mr. Britton Willis, who, however, contrives to make quality keep pace with quantity. His studies of animals are all unmistakable portraits—witness the variety of character in the frame of goats (123), or that of cows (152). "A Group of Calves" (455) is splendidly done, and so is a "Cow's Head" (145). It is a pity that the painter of No. 21, "A Study of a Lion from Life"—very still life indeed—could not catch some of Mr. Willis's spirit. The animal might pass for "The British Lion, the property of Earl Russell."

Besides his animal-pictures, Mr. Willis exhibits some clever bits of landscape with figures—these latter being, perhaps, the least happy portions of his work. "Harvest-time in North Wales" (4), a view "Near Dorking" (53), and a "Cottage Interior" (119), are all worthy of commendation. There is considerable humour and appreciation in some studies of agricultural labourers and farmers' boys, in Nos. 325, 326, and 351.

Mr. Smallfield ranges pretty widely in search of subjects, and in all displays the same happy power over colour and light. "After Sunset Merrily" (350) is positively dazzling with the glow of sunset poured over it. A lounging Neapolitan holds his child while the youngster stretches forward to touch the strings of a lute with the quill of a peacock's feather. The girl holding the lute is very gracefully posed, and the expression of the young fisher who leans over, in the background, is capitally rendered. "La Padovana" (303) is remarkable for the same purity of tone; but there is a peculiar deadness in the violet eyes for which we are at a loss to account. Let our readers by no means miss Nos. 269, 279, 369, 377, and 386. In these will be found truffles, mullet, pinecones, shrimps, orange-meddars, pilchards, asparagus, prawns, and hips and haws—a heterogeneous collection of bits of colour exhibiting textural skill we have seldom seen equalled. The silveriness of the fish is marvellously rendered; indeed, each object is vividly real. If Mr. Smallfield chose to adopt this style of art—which, however, we can only recognise as art when it is handled by painters like himself and the late W. Hunt—we see nothing to prevent his taking as high a place in it as the last-mentioned artist. At the same time, we should be sorry to see him contented to take his place in no higher school.

We are glad to observe that the majority of Mr. Jackson's sketches are not marred by the mannerisms noticeable in his pictures in the summer exhibition. Some traces of those faults are still to be found—in the foreground of No. 21, for instance, and elsewhere. But we can readily overlook them when we see such work from his hand as the painting of the water in "Harlech Castle" (195). The tremulous surface of the sea on a very calm day has seldom been better felt or more ably realised. The same felicity in the rendering of water may be observed in "Trawlers in Tenby Bay" (260). For delicacy of work and feeling, however, we must give the palm to his two "sketches for finished drawings" (390), which might almost pass for finished drawings themselves. We may also award very high praise to Mr. G. Frapp's sketches of landscape (27, 84, 113, 138). Those of Cornish coast scenery are especially good, and we can vouch for their truthfulness. "A Study in the Hayfield," in No. 27, is very good, though hardly equal to the "Heights near Tintagel" in the same frame.

Mr. A. Hunt is rather largely represented by works, the majority of which are worthy of his reputation, and in which we are pleased to see somewhat less of that crudity in the greens which sometimes injures his finished pictures. His "Helvellyn" (16) is by far the cleverest picture he exhibits. There is something grand in the treatment of the bleak hillside, where the snow of the first storm of winter has drifted. The same effect in the distance, just whitening the mountain side, is most felicitously painted.

Mr. Dodgson contributes, to our mind, some of the most pleasing pictures in the collection in a number of views in Knoke Park. In No. 23, especially, there is a glade dappled with veritable sunlight that is absolutely delicious to contemplate. The "Beech Trees" (217), too, are painted with considerable truth and feeling. There are some spirited sketches by Mr. Davidson, of which we have only space to particularise No. 118 as remarkably clever. Mr. D. Cox, jun., fully sustains the honours of his name and his own well-merited reputation. Mr. Duncan is, of course, strong in seapieces, painted with a knowledge of the various aspects of the ocean as well as of things nautical.

The post of honour in the room is given to Mr. Topham's "Saved" (107) which is, to borrow a phrase from domestic life, "hardly strong enough for the place."

Mr. Sam Read and Mr. Carl Haag are *facile principes*, as might be expected, among the painters of architectural subjects. The latter exhibits all his usual delicacy of touch and happy appreciation of colour in sketches of churches and cathedrals, exteriors and interiors. He also contributes two very spirited figures (212, 222) which are as good as anything in the gallery.

Mr. Branwhite and Mr. Callow have some remarkably good specimens of their work on the walls; and there are some architectural sketches by Mr. Burgess that are a little too heavy and dirty in tone, though otherwise good. Mr. Naftel has some very charming studies, chief among them a lovely "Water Lane in Guernsey" (35); and Mr. Nash is represented by several capital specimens of his special style of subject. Studies of figures, on foot and on horseback, by Mr. Tayler, are as lifelike and masterly as we should expect of so skilful an artist.

Space will not allow us to do justice to the singularly careful studies of Mr. Boyce, but, as they must be seen and looked into carefully to be thoroughly appreciated, we need only draw our readers' attention to them. For the same reason we can only mention as contributing works of considerable merit the names of Messrs. Evans, Goodall, Palmer, Lundgren, Riviere, and Rosenberg.

A few ladies are among the exhibitors, and of their number Miss Margaret Gillies is the only one calling for special notice. We are not aware whether the number of female members is limited, but we must confess to feeling surprise at seeing some of the pictures painted by ladies in this gallery occupying space which might be put to better use. Even supposing a certain proportion of lady-members to be necessary by the rules, female artists might be found—the name of Miss Ellen Edwards occurs to us at once—of whose pictures the society would have no need to be ashamed.

The works of two deceased members—the late William Hunt and the late J. D. Harding—possess a melancholy interest. Though we should be precluded from criticising by the recent deaths of these eminent artists, there is nothing to prevent the honest expression of our admiration for their works and regret for the loss which Art has sustained in their removal from among us.

Before closing our remarks on this exhibition, we cannot refrain from expressing a little wonderment at the number of chalk studies Mr. Burne Jones exhibits. It is, perhaps, ungrateful to find fault when we remember he has spared us his peculiarly dirty-bright colouring. But, compared with such studies as Mr. Burton's, the sketches are hardly worthy of as much space as they occupy. If the Royal Academy were a national school of art, instead of a cosy but exclusive club, all artists would have acquired that rudimentary part of their profession—drawing—which seems to surprise and delight Mr. Burne Jones so much that he sends no less than a dozen studies of drapery and figures, some of which fall below, and none of which rise above, what should be the average of studio sketches.

DEATH OF A COMPANION OF SCOTT.—Mr. James Skene, of Rubislaw, Aberdeenshire, died at Frewen Hall, Oxford, on Sunday last in his ninetieth year. He was one of the earliest and most intimate friends of Sir Walter Scott, whose acquaintance he made about 1796, after his return from Saxony, whither he had gone to study German. Of the beginning of their friendship Lockhart writes:—"Their fondness for the same literature, with Scott's eagerness to profit by his new acquaintance's superior attainments in it, opened an intercourse which general similarity of tastes, and, I venture to add, in many of the most important features of character, soon ripened into the familiarity of a tender friendship—an intimacy," Mr. Skene wrote, "of which I shall ever think with so much pride—a friendship so pure and cordial as to have been able to withstand all the vicissitudes of nearly forty years without ever having sustained even a casual chill from unkind thought or word." Mr. Skene was called to the Bar of Scotland in 1797, and his was the oldest name but one in that list, that of Lord Brogham, who was called to the Bar in 1800, standing next. In 1797 also, Mr. Skene was appointed Cornet of the Royal Edinburgh Horse Volunteers, a regiment raised mainly by the exertions of Sir Walter Scott, who filled the office of Quartermaster in it. Mr. Skene married a daughter of Sir William Forbes, of Pitliglo, the benevolent and patriotic Sir Willie, so celebrated in the history of Scottish banking. Mr. Skene had several children; one of his granddaughters is married to the Archbishop of York. The fourth canto of "Marmion" is dedicated to Mr. Skene, and makes touching reference to the death of Sir William Forbes, as happening immediately after the birth of Mr. Skene's first child, thus mingling sorrow with rejoicing. Mr. Skene long held the office of Secretary to the Board of Trustees for Manufactures in Scotland.

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traveller, and he might feel anxious to have a glass before starting.

Mr. Pollock—I cannot say anxious a man is not a traveller.

Mr. Justice Crompton—Some persons require more refreshment than others, and a person might like to take something before starting, fearing he might not be able to procure anything for some time afterwards.

Mr. Justice Mellor—Here is a man who has taken his ticket, and just before starting felt some cause for a little fermented liquor. Surely he might take it.

Mr. Pollock said—Supposing he left his chambers on a Sunday morning to go to see his aunt, who lived at Croydon, why should he go all the way to the station before he could get anything? Why might he not get it as he was walking to the station at the first public-house he came to? He thought a man was as much a traveller when he left his house as he was after he got to the station and had taken his ticket.

Mr. Justice Mellor said there was reason in every case. If it was to be said that after a man had taken his ticket he was not a traveller, and could not obtain refreshments on railway travelling on Sundays might be stopped altogether.

Mr. Pollock said he thought that two men walking from Highgate were as much travellers as those who were going by railway.

Mr. Sleigh, Mr. Poland, and Mr. Jenkins, appeared for the appellant, but were not heard.

Mr. Justice Crompton said the conviction must be quashed. The parties in this case were travellers in the full sense of the term. For himself, he thought a man might be considered a traveller who was going by rail before he took his ticket.

Mr. Justice Mellor concurred, and said the Act was for the prevention of persons going into public-houses and sitting down and "ponzing."

This is really the evident intention of the enactment. We can yet remember when public-houses were open to the time of the commencement of morning service on Sundays. The result was a shameful nuisance. Decent folk, proceeding to church with their families, were elbowed from the pavement and shocked by the sight of groups of drunken, staggering, quarrelsome roughs, whose language was of the vilest and most offensive kind. This has been happily abolished, and none can complain of the reformation. But it is quite another thing to deny a sober but thirsty wayfarer the comfort of a glass of ale, even though his journey be for pleasure, and though he may choose to take it at noon, when, as Mr. Justice Shee observed, most persons of the class who travel on Sundays are in the habit of requiring a glass of malt liquor.

Here is another liberal decision. Costermongers and others of the humbler classes are, *teste* Mr. Henry Mayhew and the experience of every pedestrian, addicted to an amusement called "toss." It is played with copper coin, and has been long regarded with peculiar odium by the police authorities. A man named Martin was convicted by the magistrates of the West Riding for an "offence" of this kind, and had the courage as well as the means of prosecuting an appeal.

Mr. Justice Mellor—If they are so, we all carry instruments of gaming about with us. (A laugh.)

Mr. Justice Crompton suggested peas and thimbles in the game of "thimberlgerig" usual upon racecourses.

The Court were clearly of opinion that the conviction was not sustainable; the Vagrant Act could not be strained so far as this; and the zeal of the justices had outrun their discretion. Judgment for the appellant.

We hardly like to touch the case of two rascally quacks—one William Osterfield Wray and the other his colleague, named Anderson. Wray called himself "Doctor Henery," an absurd cognomen evidently originating in the bad orthography of some cheap printer, since a man's surname could scarcely be "Henery" any more than a female's baptismal name could be Saver or Hann, or Matilder. The plan of these vagabonds was to pretend a specialty for nervous and some other disorders, to supply worthless liquors for medicines at enormous prices, and thereby to terrify their victimised patients into payment of large sums of money under threats of publishing disclosures of their ailments and attributing them to disgraceful causes. They have each been sentenced to two years' hard labour. There has been a great outcry against them on the part of the press.

and this outcry we beg to stigmatised as ridiculous in some cases and hypocritical in the extreme in others. In the very sheets which contain the slashing leaders against these scoundrels we find advertisements from others of their class, not a whit less notorious. We find in leading articles eulogiums on the moral courage and patriotism of the prosecutor in coming forward to denounce the villains and their schemes; and then, turning to the report of the trial, we find the full Christian and surnames of the wronged individual, his vocation, and position in society, all minutely chronicled. This is precisely what the quacks want. This is their revenge. It is upon this that they speculate, knowing that the effect is so morally deterrent that not one victim in a thousand will dare to hazard the injury that will be done him by the virtuous indignationists.

although he might well afford to defy the quacks. For what purpose is an honest gentleman's name dragged before the public when he has innocently fallen into the toils of swindling impostors? In a smaller degree the same evil occurs in numerous cases of what is called "skittle-sharping." A simple country squire or farmer often submits to robbery and allows the perpetrators to go at large upon the streets rather than expose himself to the gibes and jests inevitable upon a public exposure of his folly. If a solicitor embezzle his clients' money, the report of the application, upon sworn affidavits read in open Court, is cautiously headed, "In re —, an attorney." Why should not our journals practise an equally easy reticence in cases in which it would be far more justifiable?

THE LONDON GAZETTE.
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28.
BANKRUPTS.—W. JOYE, Margate, comedian.—**H. W. WADE**, jan., Seething-lane, appraiser.—**R. C. NAYLOR**, Basinghall-street, woollenstapler.—**F. MARTIN**, Old Kent-road North, grocer, luncheon-room.—**J. W. LITTLE**, 60, Carlingford-street, Hampstead, pianoforte-maker.—**Small works maker**.—**W. G. BALLS**, Wells-street, Jewin-street, tailor.—**J. BUQUET**, Castle-street, Leicester-square.—**W. GODDARD**, Stoke Newington-road, lather and victualer.—**A. W. HAWLEY**, Oakfield-street, St. Pancras.—**G. S. GLAVCOFFI**, Grosvenor-street, merchant.—**R. KEDGE**, Hackney's terrace, Park-road, Peckham New Town, cowkeeper.—**A. SMITH**, Dockhead, Bermondsey, tailor.—**W. AYON**, Workson, Nottinghamshire, commercial clerk.—**C. A. SMITH**, 17, Abchurch-lane, London, E.C. 4, upholsterer, builder.—**W. C. GHAPMAN**, Howley-street, York-road, Lambeth, clerk to a publisher.—**W. F. TUBBS**, Woolstar, Southampton, grocer.—**M. WARREN**, Stonehouse-street, lodgings, house-keeper.—**C. ARNOLD**, 19, St. John's-bury-green, keeper.—**W. M. LAMBETH**, Lambeth-street, shoemaker.—**W. J. SCOTT**, Wormwood-street, butcher.—**J. PERRY**, Harlesden-villas, Harlesden-green, clerk in the War Office.—**F. LAMB**, Howley-street, York-road, Lambeth, clerk to a publisher.—**W. GRANT**, Great Tower-street, Commercial-row, comedian.—**G. GRANT**, Great Tower-street, City, leather manufacturer.—**T. G. BEARD**, Basingstoke, book-

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29.

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WINTER DRESSES.

The Mexican Cloth, all Colours, Checked, Striped, or Plain, 1s. 6d. to 2s. Full Dress. Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street.

A PERFECTLY NEW SERIES OF COLOURINGS IN

REAL ABERDEEN WINCEYS,

In every quality, at old prices.

A selection from upwards of 2000 pieces.

Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street.

PLAIN, STRIPED, OR BROCHE

GRENADES,

suitable for Dinner, Evening, or Ball Dresses, from 16s. 6d. Full Dress.

Washing Grenadines (pure white), 7s. 9d. to 14s. 9d. Full Dress. Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

ARRIVAL OF WINTER FASHIONS.

PETER ROBINSON'S Stock of Winter Mantles is a rich and valuable collection of Velvet Mantles and Jackets, variously trimmed, at prices from 3 guineas upwards.

The beautiful woollen fabric Mont St. Bernard, Mont Cenis, Snowflake, Astracan, and various others equally admired, both in the mantle and the jacket form, from 2 guineas upwards.

An immense choice of Jackets and Mantles made from woollen materials, manufactured in the year 1864, at 21s. to 40s.

REAL SEAL FALETTOS.

Jackets, 27 inches at back 7 guineas.

Falettos, 74 8 1/2 ..

37 10 ..

SHREWSBURY WATERPROOF LANTERN, full large size, from 1 guinea.

Peter Robinson's reputation for OPERA MANTLES in this season well maintained, the Stock being larger and more varied than hitherto. Always on hand will be found 15s. 9d.

Opera Remouses, from 21s. 0d.

Rotogods 21s. 0d.

Peter Robinson's "Illustrated Manual of Fashion," post-free on application.

103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, Oxford-street.

WINTER SHAWLS.

PETER ROBINSON has concluded a purchase of nearly five hundred FINEST CACHEMIRE TAFIS LONG SHAWLS, very fine goods, made expressly for this season's Paris market, a few of which have been sold at high prices. These Shawls are now marked 2s. and 3 guineas, much under present quotations. One of either or both qualities sent anywhere on approval may be returned free if not completely satisfied.

Peter Robinson, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

NEW LINEN WAREHOUSE,

and GENERAL FURNISHING DEPARTMENT,

at PETER ROBINSON'S,

103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

The General Mourning Establishment.

Removed to

255 to 263, Regent-street

(late Hodge, Lowman, and Orchard's premises).

BARGAINS IN BLACK SILKS.

500 Pieces of Black Silks, Best Makes, 18s. 9d., 21s. 6d., 21s. 7d., 6d., and 2 guineas. Fully 40 per cent under value. Patterns free.

AMOTT and COMPANY, Crystal Warehouses, 61 and 62, St. Paul's-churchyard.

BARGAINS IN PLAIN GLACÉ SILKS.

Ten Thousand Yards, all at 2s. 9d. per yard. Original price, 4s. 6d. Patterns free.

AMOTT and COMPANY, Crystal Warehouses.

BARGAINS IN MOIRE ANTIQUES.

Rich Black, all Silk, 7 guineas.

200 Pieces of New Colours, 3 guineas, usually charged 4s. Patterns free.

AMOTT and COMPANY, Crystal Warehouses.

BARGAINS IN EVENING SILKS.

1800 Dress Pieces, 2s. 6d. per yard. Usually sold at 4s. Patterns free.

AMOTT and COMPANY, Crystal Warehouses.

BARGAINS IN CHECKED SILKS.

Elegant designs at 21s. 6d., worth 2 guineas. Rich qualities at 38s. 6d., usually charged 43s.

AMOTT and COMPANY, Crystal Warehouses.

BARGAINS IN DRESS FABRICS.

£8000 worth, from 5s. 9d. to 3 guineas. Half the usual price. Patterns free.

AMOTT and COMPANY, Crystal Warehouses, 61 and 62, St. Paul's-churchyard.

BARGAINS IN ABERDEEN WINSEYS.

13,000 Yards, half price, 6d., 8d., 1s. 0d., and 1s. 4d. per yard.

AMOTT and COMPANY, Crystal Warehouses, 61 and 62, St. Paul's-churchyard.

JACKETS and MANTLES Extraordinarily Cheap.—The Leeds Bank Failure and stoppage of many houses of note in the North of England have enabled us to buy large quantities of Cloth at less than half price, from which we have manufactured all the new Paris Shapes. We are now selling Mantles and Jackets, made from superior cloths, at half their real value. We specially call attention to our styles, from 10s. 6d. to 2 guineas.

AMOTT and COMPANY, Crystal Warehouses, 61 and 62, St. Paul's-churchyard.

NEW FRENCH SILKS, in Colours and

Black, at 2s. 6d. the Yard, made of bright Italian silk, with the guarantee for durability of eminent firms in Paris and Lyons. Patterns forwarded exact widths. Ladies, having made a selection, can send for the quantity required, thereby avoiding the annoyance of being supplied with a length not nearly sufficient to make a fashionable dress. The Silk Department (including all the richest styles) is not exceeded in value by any other house, and the firm has an established reputation of forty-five years.

HARVEY and CO., Lambeth House, Westminster-bridge, S.

FRENCH MERINOES at 2s. per yard,

double width, in all the new and beautiful shades of colour. Fine and soft wool being essential to the dyeing of brilliant and durable colours the Merino is decidedly the best article to select for giving entire satisfaction. Every Lady would do well to send immediately for patterns.—HARVEY and CO., Lambeth House, Westminster Bridge, S.

REAL ABERDEEN WINSEYS, best and

widest, at 1s. 6d. per yard, and all the new Mixtures, in Knickerbocker ditto, at 2s. Patterns free.

HARVEY and CO., Lambeth House, Westminster Bridge, S.

SANSFLECTOR ORNOLINES,

15s. 6d., 18s. 6d., and 21s.

"Wear admirably well."—Court Journal.

E. PHILPOT, 37, Piccadilly.

ONDINA or WAVED JUPONS,

15s. 6d. and 21s.

"The dress falls in graceful folds."—Morning Post.

Illustrations post-free.—E. PHILPOT, 37, Piccadilly.

EIDERDOWN PETTICOATS.

These beautiful petticoats are peculiarly adapted for the carriage, for invalids, and for ladies who require warmth combined with lightness. Weight, 25 ounces; and 4 yards round.

Petticoats in Silk 50s.

Rich Gilt 70s.

Extra Rich Satin 100s.

"Mr. Philpot is learned in the literature of the petticoat."—Le Follet.—Illustrations free.—E. PHILPOT, 37, Piccadilly.

DECEMBER FASHIONS.

OTTOMAN VELOUR, in BLACK,

for Ladies' Dresses. This is the New and Fashionable Material for this Season. Large consignments from France have been made for this very season, inexpensive, and distinguishing material to Peter Robinson, who will send patterns free, at request.

The New Address.

The Court and General Mourning Warehouse, 255, 256, 260, 262, Regent-street, London.

PETER ROBINSON'S.

Removed from 103 and 104, Oxford-street.

FASHIONS IN DRESS.

The Newest Materials are the Ottoman Velour, the Mexican Silk Cloth, the Silk Warp Diagonal Serge, the All-Wool Diagonal Serge, the Aberdeen Finney, the Merino Cloth, the Balmoral Craze Cloth, the Poplin Laines, the Delhi Chamoire, all of which are to be had in Black, Half Mourning, and Neutral Shades. Patterns free.

The New Address.

The Court and General Mourning Warehouse, 255, 256, 260, 262, Regent-street, London.

PETER ROBINSON'S.

Removed from 103 and 104, Oxford-street.

SKIRTS MADE UP.—In Elegant Variety,

Black Silk Skirts, with fancy trimmings, or with Crapes, embroidered or trimmed Silk Rep Skirts, Winceys, and other useful materials suited for present wear. Also White or Black Net Skirts for Evening Costume.

The New Address.

The Court and General Mourning Warehouse, 255, 256, 260, 262, Regent-street, London.

PETER ROBINSON'S.

Removed from 103 and 104, Oxford-street.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH.

BONNETS and CLOAKS for MOURNING.

The latest Paris Novelties, in very extensive variety, are now being exhibited in the New Show-rooms at PETER ROBINSON'S, The Court and General Mourning Warehouse, 255, 256, 260, 262, Regent-street.

Removed from 103 and 104, Oxford-street.

FAMILY MOURNING.

Families requiring Mourning are respectfully informed that Orders to any extent can be supplied with the greatest expedition and punctuality, and with the strictest economy.

Goods are forwarded to any part of London or the country (free of expense) for selection, accompanied, if necessary, by a superior fitting Dressmaker.

Address, PETER ROBINSON, Court and Family Mourning Warehouse, 255 to 260, Regent-street, London.

Removed from 103 and 104, Oxford-street.

BLACK SILKS.—A SPECIALTY FOR

BLACK SILKS.

PETER ROBINSON has just received from Lyons several cases of superior makes of Black Silks, which can be well recommended, comprising

Black Glacé, from 3s. to 5 guineas the Dress of 14 yards.

Black Foulé de Soie, 6s. to 7 guineas the Dress of 14 yards.

Black Gros de Soie, 5s. to 6 guineas the Dress of 14 yards.

Black Gros d'Ecosse, 6s. to 6 guineas the Dress of 14 yards.

Cable Cord (very rich), 8 to 10 guineas (new make).

Black Rada, 7s. to 7 guineas the Dress of 14 yards.

Black Barthes, from 5s. to 7 guineas the Dress of 14 yards.

Black Clerical Silk, from 5s. to 15s. 6d. per yard.

Black Moire Antique, from 4s. to 10 guineas the Dress.

Or cut by the yard in any length.

Patterns free on application.

The New Address.

PETER ROBINSON, Black Silk Mercer, and Court and General Mourning Warehouse, 255, 256, 260, 262, Regent-street, London.

NEW WINTER SILKS.

200 Patterns—representing £30,000 worth of new goods—forwarded post-free, on application to

NICHOLSON and CO., 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

Established 21 years.

8230 Yards NEW CHECKED and STRIPED

SILKS, at 1 guinea, 21s. 6d., and 14 guineas the Dress. Moire Antiques, from 11s. 6d. the Dress of 10 Yards, wide width.

Reversible Broché Silks, with flowers the same on both sides, woven on a new principle, all Colours, 3s. 6d. yard.

A large parcel of last year's Silks, from 1s. 6d. to 4s. a yard, half their original price.

Write to NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

DO YOU WISH YOUR CHILDREN

WELL DRESSED?—Boys' Knickerbocker Suits in Cloth, from 15s. 9d. Useful School Suits, from 13s. 9d. Patterns of the Cloths, directions for measurement, and 45 Engravings of New Dresses post-free.—NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard.

THIS SEASON'S FASHIONS IN DRESS.

Ladies and the Public visiting London are respectfully invited to inspect our Stock, consisting of large Assortments of the latest Novelties in Dress, of British and Foreign Manufacture. Rich, Durable, and of the latest Styles. Millinery Silks, Velvets, Terries, and Satins.

Every new Style in Mantles and Jackets, in Velvets, Astracans, and all new materials.

Falaises and Wool Shawls in all the latest Designs.

Aberdeen Winceys, from 12d. per yard wide width.

French Merinos, in all the new Colours, from 1s. 11d., wide width.

Ribbons, Gloves, Hosiery, Trimmings, Haberdashery, &c.

Furs of every description, sold in Sets or separately.

Family and Complimentary Mourning.

Drapers, Milliners, and Dressmakers supplied with Cut Lengths at Trade Price.

Matching Orders carefully and promptly attended to.

Patterns post-free.

Close on Saturdays at Four o'clock.

JAMES SPENCE and CO., Wholesale and Retail Silkmercers, Drapers, &c., 77 and 78, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

THE SMEE'S SPRING MATTRESS.

TUCKER'S PATENT, or "SOMMER TUCKER."

Price from 25s.

Received the ONLY Prize Medal or Honourable Mention given to Bedding of any description, at the International Exhibition, 1862.

The Jury of Class 56, in their Report, page 6, No. 2906, and page 11, No. 2014, say:—

"The Sommer Tucker is perfectly solid, very healthy, and moderate in price."

"A combination as simple as it is ingenious."

"A bed as healthy as it is comfortable."

To be obtained of most respectable Upholsterers and Bedding Warehousemen, or wholesale of the Manufacturers, Wm. Smees and Sons, Finsbury, London, E.C.

CATTLE SHOW.—Visitors requiring

ELECTRO-PLATE SPOONS or FORKS, Table-knives, Dish-covers, Fenders, Fireirons, &c., are solicited to inspect RICHARD and JOHN SLACK'S Warehouses, 336, Strand, where every article is of the best quality, and lower than any other house. Books of prices gratis.

TABLE KNIVES.—Best Ivory Balance-

handles.—Tables, 18s., 20s., and 22s.; Desert, 11s. 14s., and 15s. 6d. per dozen. 25 per cent lower than any other house. Catalogues, with engravings, gratis or post-free. Orders above £2 carriage-paid.—RICHARD and JOHN SLACK, 336, Strand.

GARDNER'S 22 1/2s. DINNER SERVICES,

complete, best quality. Illustrated Catalogues post-free. Gardner's Manufactory, 22 to Queen, 453, Strand, Charing-cross. Four doors from Trafalgar-square, London.

GASELIERS in Crystal, Glass, Ormolu, or

Bronze.—Medieval Fittings, &c. A large assortment always on view. Every article marked in plain figures.—D. HULFETT and CO., Manufacturers, 55 and 56, High Holborn, W.C.

ADAM and CO.'S DINNER SERVICES,

of stone china, 108 pieces, £2 2s. Several hundred services always on view; table glasses of every description; glass chandeliers, &c. Parties may furnish from the largest stock in London, at a saving of 50 per cent.—57, Oxford-street (near Regent-circus).

FRENCH MODERATOR LAMPS, the

best and best pattern.—DEANE and CO. have on SALE an extensive and choice assortment of these LAMPS. Bronze, from 7s. to 45s.; china, from 14s. to 27 1/2s. each. Also new, cheap, and elegant Table-lamps, for burning American rock oil, giving a brilliant light at a trifling cost. Pure Colza Oil and American Rock-Oil for the above lamps at the lowest market price, delivered free in London or the suburbs periodically, or on receipt of letter order. Gas chandeliers and fittings for all domestic purposes. Drawings and prices post-free.—Deane and Co., 46, King William-street, London Bridge.—Established A.D. 1700.

H. WALKER'S PATENT RIDGED

NEEDLES thread easily; the ridge prevents the eye dragging; they do the best work without fatigue, and with infinitely speed. Samples post-free, 1s. to 10s. of any Dealer.—H. Walker, Alcester; and 47 Greenhall-street, London.

BREIDENBACH'S WOOD VIOLET,

Forget-me-not, and Jockey Club, three of the finest perfumes made.—157 B, New Bond-street.

LUDGATE-HILL RAILWAY

(When opened.)

JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9, Ludgate-hill.

Entrance, two doors from the station.

SILKS, DRESSES, MANTLES, FAMILY LINENS.

NEW SILKS.—PATTERNS FREE.

New Checked Glacé, 14 Yards, £1 15s. 6d.

Patterns of Rich Silks.

JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9, Ludgate-hill.

NEW SILKS.—PATTERNS FREE.

New Striped Glacé, 14 Yards, £2 2s.

Patterns of Rich Silks.

JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9, Ludgate-hill.

NEW FABRICS.—PATTERNS FREE.

Aberdeen Linseys. Knickerbocker Linseys. All mixtures. Best and medium qualities.

JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9, Ludgate-hill.

NEW SKIRTS and SKIRTINGS.

Fancy Aberdeen and Tartan Skirtings. Quilted Satin and Silk Skirts.

JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9, Ludgate-hill.

GREAT BARGAINS for CHRISTMAS

PRESENTS.—1500 good, cheap, and useful Dresses now selling at little more than half price, from 8s. 9d. to 10s. 6d. the Extra Full Dress.—BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street.

1500 DOZEN SOILED FRENCH

CAMBRIE HANDKERCHIEFS, Ladies' and Gentle-

men's, at Half Price. Hemmed, Starched, or Bordered, at 10s. 6d., 15s., and 1 guinea the dozen. Patterns free.

BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street, London.

SALOMON'S STOCK.—BAKER and CRISP,

having purchased the Dress portions of the above stock, are now selling, at less than half the original cost, the French Baroque, Chailles, Grenadines, and other light fabrics, from 6s. 9d. Full Dress.—198, Regent-street, London.

AS FINE AS HUMAN HAIR, Three for 1s.,

post-free. Invisible HIR NETS, in any colour; the new Flow Silk Hair Nets, 1s. 6d., Chignon ditto, 1s. 6d. 2s. Post-free for stamps.—BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street, London.

THE NEW POPLIN DE SUEZ, in Black,

White, Pink, Sky, Napoleon Clair, Brown, Green, Violet, Mauve, Opheila, Drab, &c. Plain, figured, and striped, 35s. 6d., £1 19s. 6d., and 2 guineas Full Dress. Patterns free.

BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street, London.

THE MOST LADY-LIKE HEAD-DRESSES

of the Season are now Velvet Coronets and Rosettes, in Scarlet, Black, Blue, and White. Green, Blue, Violet, &c. Coronets, 1s. 9d.; Rosettes and elegant streamers, with single rosette, 1s. 9d.; Double, 2s. 3d.; Triple, 3s. 6d. All post-free for stamps.

BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street, London.

SILKS and CRISP have now some extraordinary bargains in Tartan,

Striped, Checked, and Fancy Silks, from 23s. 6d. to 2 guineas the Full Dress.—198, Regent-street, London.

BLACK SILKS! BLACK SILKS!—Rich,

bright, wide, and durable. Gros Grains, Glacé, Dupons, and Corded Black Silks, from 1 guinea to 3 guineas the Full Dress. Patterns free.—BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street, London.

EVENING GRENADINES, 6s. 9d. Full

Dress. Several hundred White and Coloured Grenadine and Tartan Dresses, from 6s. 9d. to 12s. 6d. the extra Full Dress. Patterns free.—BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street, London.

MOIRE ANTIQUES.—SEWELL and CO

have the largest Selection of Spitalfields Moire Antiques, in White, Black, and all the new Colours, at 4s. 4d. the Full Dress.

Compton House, Frith-street, Soho-square, W.

NOVELTIES in CLOAKS for the Season.

Astracan Jackets.

Real Sealskin Jackets, from 7s.

Velvet Jackets, from 3s.

SEWELL and CO., Com